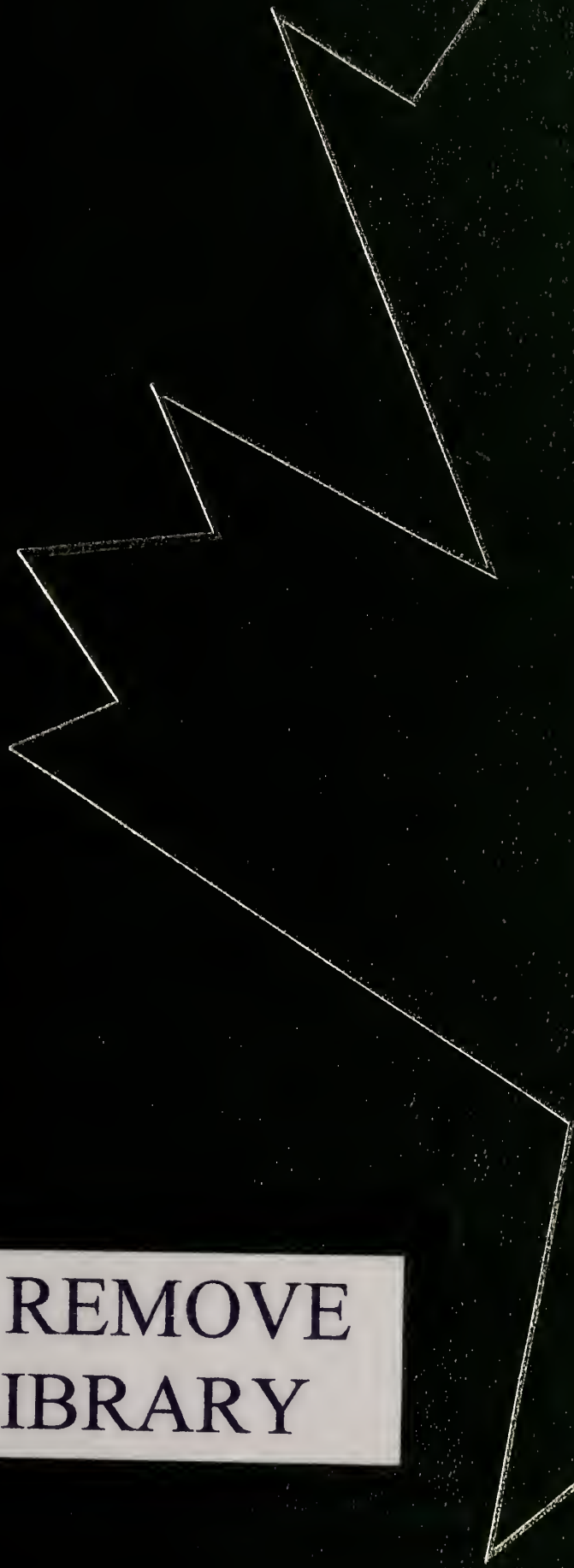


GRAMMARIAN · 90



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Dedication

We dedicate this Grammarian to two very special people associated with HGS.

To Mr. Montgomery, as it has come to our attention that he did not have the dedication when he left. Thank you for your years of hard work and commitment to the school.

Secondly to Wilford Keefe who passed away this year. He has put two of his sons through the school and was a strong supporter of HGS. HGS appreciated the support and we send our condolences to the family

The Assistant Editors
Susan Crocker and
Jennifer Silverman

The
Halifax Grammar School
presents
the thirtieth edition
of
The Grammarian
1990

Headmaster



To the Graduates, the class of 1990.

While enjoying the company of the Upper VI class on the annual canoe trip to Keji National Park, I was reminded of a common characteristic of the graduating class. Through the humorous banter along the portages and around the camp fire, I could see a group of young men and women poised and ready for the excitement and challenge of university life and undergraduate academic studies.

Only a few short years ago, these same students were struggling with the basic concepts of algebra and the present tense of French verbs. Now, as they prepare to leave us, accomplished in the art of writing history papers, confident in the nation's second language, stimulated by a broad exposure to English literature, and fascinated by the power of calculus, they have reached the point of academic specialization.

Our graduates deserve great credit for their commitment to academic pursuits through their teenage years. High school may have been a long haul for a few, but the rewards and accomplishments are significant.

As teachers and parents, we are tempted to take university acceptance for granted. This Grammarian highlights the graduates and, as my contribution, I wish to highlight this principal achievement.

To all our graduates, acceptance at university, the passport to the next step on the ladder of education, is a significant accomplishment. You deserve hearty congratulations and you leave us with our best wishes for your undergraduate studies.

Robin A.L. Hinnell
Headmaster

P.S.: To those at HGS who are following in our graduates' footsteps, keep up the good work. Your turn will come.

Mrs. Steeves and Mrs. Lohnes



To the Graduating Class:

As graduates, you should break away from other people's expectations.

HGS has given you an excellent education and has enabled you to make many lasting friendships. It is with your confident self-image that you must set YOUR goals. Aim high! Best wishes for future plans.



WRITING CENTER

RAM

WOMEN IN THE WORLD OF
CANNON LAUNCHING

To Kill
A Mockingbird

Coca-Cola
CLASSIC

CRAYON

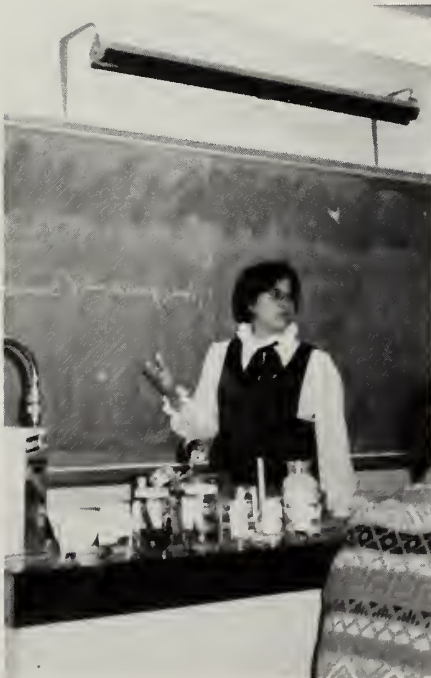
HA

Sports

Faculty



Back, Left to right: Mr. Gray, Mrs. Buley, Mrs. Cooper, Dr. Chapman, Mrs. Meinertzhagen, Mr. Marchand, Ms. Porteous, Mr. Hinnell, Mrs. Aterman, Mr. Ellis, Ms. Parkin.
 Middle: Mrs. Moxon, Miss McKnight, Mlle Henderson, Mrs. DeGrasse.
 Front: Mrs. Lewis, Mme Simms, Mme Smith, Mrs. Scobbie, Miss Meehan.
 Absent: Mr. Waldman, Mr. Evans, Mrs. O'Brian, Miss Silver, Mrs. Sinclair, Frau vonMaltzahn.





graduates

ify some people, and astonish the rest."
 uel Clemens

Halifax Grammar School has become a hazardous
 e kids of Grades Two and Three have adopted him
 ying out "Dad" whenever he appears on the court or
 c pursuits include basketball, soccer and volleyball,
 al member of all our school teams. Mike is a jock!
 him the crucial choice for the Royals house captain
 oted much time and effort, especially for his "chil-
 athletic performance has been complemented by a
 having maintained an honours standing throughout
 ryone else, Mike enjoys his share of mindless enter-
 ount of time playing "Vid" at the local arcade. We
 and his desire for excellence will enable him to go
 k in medical school, Mike.

ounded person. Besides being in
 and basketball. He is also very
 ited debater, as exhibited by his
 wealth Conference. He is quite
 cts. Once he gave a French talk
 inutes planning. He is also will-
 ave up his lunch hour to act as
 talking in class. Best of luck in



Michael Ross Cowie

"And now for something completely different ..."
 Monty Python

"I came, I saw, I gave up and went home."
 Michael Cowie

Mike is the kind of guy you would like to have on
 a contact sport. He has been at the school since
 ability to recite with complete accuracy any sketc
 added a lot to the personality of the school. He h
 of the school plays. He has also played on the Ser
 when he is not working, he can usually be found
 mon room, listening to his walkman. Outside of
 book collection and his love of role playing game
 and if he uses his talent he will succeed at anythin

playing
 me his
 an has
 many
 school,
 e com-
 comic
 is best
 ce.

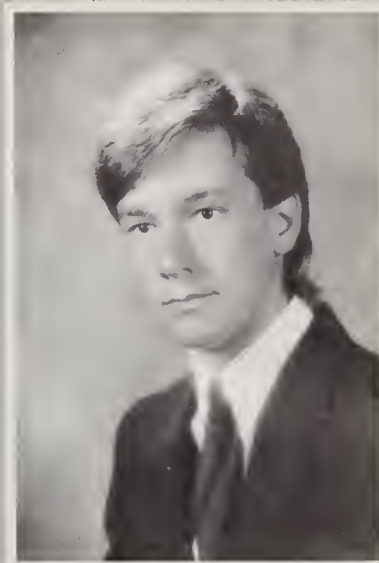


Greg David Cummings

"A learned fool is more foolish than an ignorant fool."

Moliere

This tall, red-headed and active fellow has been a promising student since Grade Nine. Greg is active in all aspects of HGS: academic, athletic and social. Quick to express his opinion, Greg revels in oral discussion. Greg has a rotating position on the honour roll and is coming out of HGS with a strong academic record. Always putting considerable effort into extracurricular activities, Greg has been an important member of the basketball, volleyball and soccer teams. Greg has also taken to playing badminton and chess. Always socially at ease, we are sure Greg will fit in anywhere he goes, hopefully the Lycee in Paris next year.



Arthur Lundrigan Trueman Davis

"Those who attempt to search into the majesty of God will be overwhelmed with its glory."

Thomas A. Kempis

Arthur is a businessman. His appearance combined with an evergrowing knowledge of business makes Arthur one for success in the future. He has been at HGS from Prep Three, and since then he has excelled in whatever he has undertaken to accomplish. Arthur has earned honour roll standing, and is a member of chess, math and debating clubs. In his spare time Arthur is a scout leader, ski instructor, and finds time to play the piano and drums, fish and read. He is always helpful, courteous, and loyal. With these qualities, Arthur will go far. Our very best wishes go with you, Arthur.



Toni Fried

" 'Tis not in mortals to command success, But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it."

Addison

Cato, act 1, sc. 2.

Toni likes water. She sails every summer, is a certified lifeguard, and teaches swimming. She even takes baths. Last year, juggling her duties as co-editor of the Grammarian with the hard work of maintaining her high average, it was a wonder she found time to cook a duck - but she did. Though she remains in a state of constant confusion in math class, this is more than compensated for by her achievements in English and history. Toni is a veteran of the Halifax Grammar School, one of the few who have managed to endure it for twelve years, and she has remained the same quiet person with unexpected bursts of bizarre humour. Next year she plans to take the Kings' Foundation Year program. We wish her the best of luck.





Jean Grindley

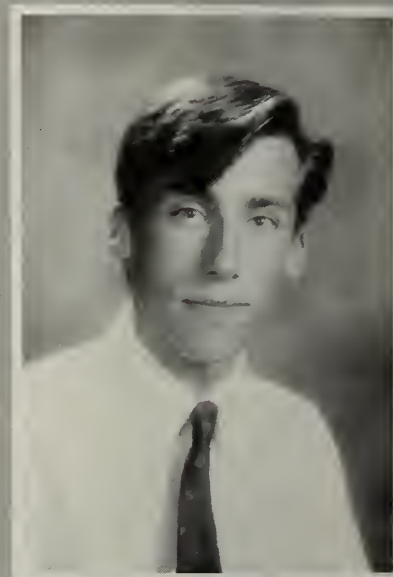
"Stay close to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken winged bird
That cannot fly."
Langston Hughes

Jean is loud, obnoxious and overbearing. But seriously, she is rather shy and quiet. She can, however, be transformed from her usual unobtrusive self by a good debate and will startle other participants by her vehement and heated contributions. Apart from debating, Jean enjoys languages - Latin, German and French, and history and art. Jean's literary, scientific and mathematical skills are enough to rank her at the top of the class. Jean has maintained high honours standing throughout her ten years at the school, even in the hectic eleventh grade as Grammarian editor. Jean's magnetic attraction to anything in writing, is usually the cause for her procrastination but she manages to remain calm, cool and collected at deadline time and gets the job done. We are confident that Jean will succeed wherever she may go.

Daniel Huggard

"I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail."
William Faulkner

The Grammar School is getting another chapter in Daniel's long history of changing schools and meeting new people. Through his constant moving he has become very adaptable to new situations. This he has proven by blending in with the class in the first few weeks. He also is working very hard to meet the academic demands. But with his wealth of knowledge he has acquired in his travels, he should be able to make the adjustment. Hopefully this last year will be his best.



Andrew Robert Jackson

"An experienced, industrious, ambitious and quite often picturesque liar."
Samuel Clemens

"If you really think you're immortal, you don't buy life-insurance."
Gwenne Dyer

What can you say about this bespectacled guy? Well, a lot actually. Andrew has made a serious contribution to his school since he arrived in Grade Seven. He has helped in bringing the level of fencing in the school to new heights, and participated frequently and enthusiastically in school intramurals; he has also obtained a permanent spot on the honour roll. Andrew has always been a vocal part of the class, and his cynical sense of humour will be sorely missed.

Christopher David Maxwell

"A closed mouth gathers no foot."
The person in society
who says wise things.

Chris, since coming to HGS in Grade Ten, has gained a reputation for always seeming to be in control. His calm, quiet manner makes him often rather difficult to find among our boisterous class, but he is, above all, consistent. His interest in computers has led him to the leadership of the Computer Club and, without his aid, the upper computer class would be lost. He has also been active in fencing and, outside the school, has played the viola. His favorite leisure time activity is working on his IBM AT. His part time standing on the honour roll will surely help him get to Dalhousie University, which is first on his list of plans for the future. Best of luck!



Mark Francis McCallum

"I shall pass through this world but once; any good things, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, or dumb animal, let me do it now. Let me not deter it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

John Galsworthy

Mark is a camper extraordinaire. His outdoor expertise saved the graduating class on a number of occasions during our canoe trip this year. However, it is his outgoing personality in school that makes him one of the more notable members of our class. With his ever present generosity, honesty, and reliability, Mark has become the cornerstone of our class. Though his record was marred by one day of sickness (November 16, 1989) Mark is still the object of intense class admiration. Mark's performance both within and outside of the school, has proven excellent. He has maintained honors standing throughout most of his stay in the Upper School. He has contributed to the school in many ways through his participation in Amnesty International, the Chess Club, the Math Club, debating, Intramurals, and as Acadia's House Captain. In addition he has devoted much of his extra time, as a Scout leader and Venturer, to his local community. No doubt Mark's survivalist attitude will enable him to go far in his future years. We wish him the best of luck in Law school.



Sally Elizabeth Nanton

"I am ridiculed all day long. Everyone mocks me."
Jeremiah 20:7

Sally is a big-eyed ball of bouncing energy, distinguished by her passion for forest green, dark purple, giraffes, the Bible, Isaiah Thomas and colour co-ordinated clothing. She is a former gymnast and sporadically startles the class with a display of superhuman flexibility. Though she underestimates her academic ability, Sally is nevertheless confident enough to spend hours alone in the language seminar room with Frau vonMahlzahn. She can be found at lunchtime in the Common Room eating Smarties for lunch or chewing on Freshmint Trident, in the centre of an animated crowd. Sally's outgoing high spirits will make friends for her wherever she goes, although she will surely never lose entire touch with her "bestest friend," Sarah, with whom she shares an entire language of private jokes. We wish you sunshine every day, Sal.





George John Nikolaou

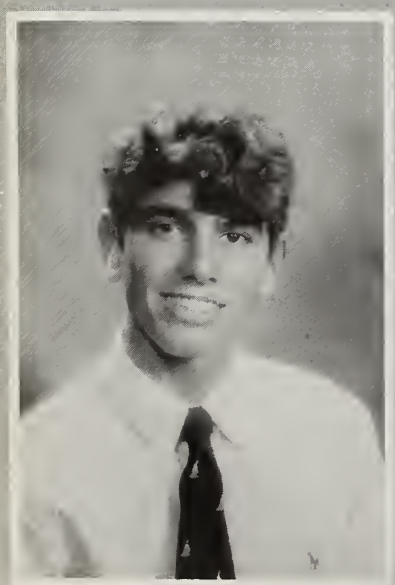
"I'll fight you anywhere, I'll fight you in Japan, I'll fight you in the backyard."
Mike Tyson

Since George came to the Grammar School in Grade Two he has touched us in more ways than one. George had been an important member of all the School sport teams, primarily Soccer, as he has stayed true to his Greek heritage. While balancing his social and athletic endeavors he has remained sound academically. George has built up his tolerance for hard work, through his many weekend exploits. George has a reputation for being non-judgemental, and for giving everyone a fair chance and accepting them for what they are. George hopes to go to Dalhousie or McGill, and later to pursue a career in Medicine or Soccer. Good luck, George.

Matthew Arnold O'Dor

"You can't depend on your judgement when your imagination is out of focus."
Mark Twain

Matthew's stay in the Grammar School started somewhat sporadically, as his first year in Grade Eight was followed by a year in British Columbia, before his return in Grade Ten. Since then his quiet smile has become well known at the school as well as his octopus shirts and frequent tuba solos at the Christmas plays. Matt has always been ready to lend a hand when help is needed, whether it be Chemistry homework, or setting up the Auditorium for an activity. We hope Matt will be successful in his future endeavors, academic or otherwise. Good luck, Matt!



Christopher Winfield Stairs

"Youth/ So self possessed/ Then sometimes no self respect/ Youth wants to give you all/ Youth could be your downfall/ Here comes another revelation/ A revolution for us all/ We are the energy."

Love and Rockets

Since coming to the school in Grade Four, Chris has established himself as a hard and enthusiastic worker. He has maintained a high honours average throughout senior high and has been energetic in his various pursuits. Some of his favorite activities include badminton, chess, art and sailing. He also spends much time contributing to the school spirit and atmosphere through his efforts as House Captain and as a member of the Student Council. However, he always has time to help others, giving the usual response of "No problem, big guy." In addition he is extremely inquisitive, enthusiastic and energetic and is often heard pestering teachers with "Ah - just one more question." With this inquisitive enthusiastic and energetic nature, we are positive Chris will go far with his ambitions, and we wish him the best of luck.

Daniel Thompson

"You don't need a weatherman to tell you which way the wind blows."

Subterranean Homesick Blues -
Bob Dylan

Daniel has spent twelve long years at the Grammar School. Throughout these twelve years he has become a very important part of the athletic and social life of the school. Sometimes Daniel likes to think of himself as the artistic type, and someone who believes in peace and love, a hippie with long hair, beads around his neck, wearing a flowery shirt and listening to Dylan. On other occasions, he can be found working out, listening to Guns and Roses or watching WWF Wrestling. Yet on other occasions, he can be seen playing chess in the physics Lab with Mr. Gray. Daniel has a great love for music and art, but he is also considered to be a good all-round athlete as he has made major contributions in school sports, such as volleyball, soccer and basketball. Despite all the social and athletic activities he takes part in, he has proven last year that he is worthy of the Honour Roll. In Daniel's final year at the Grammar School, he has taken the duty of Vice-President of the Student Council and it is certain that he will make a great difference in the life of the school. Daniel, after a Foundation year at Kings, plans on getting his Bachelor of Arts at Mount "A" or Acadia. Good luck Daniel, we are all sure that you will get what you strive for.



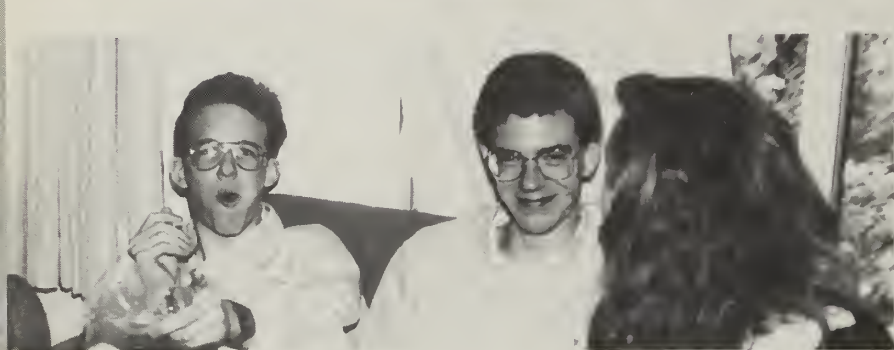
Asim Wali

"I like to make everyone's day a little more surreal."

Calvin

Asim is a twelve year veteran of the Grammar School. He is noted for his sense of humour. Despite it being somewhat loud and often sarcastic, he can make the most boring class bearable. He has participated in all the school teams including, soccer, volleyball and basketball, where he was rated most valuable player. His echoing voice has earned him numerous yellow cards, technical fouls and detentions during his lengthy stay at HGS. In addition to Asim's athletic endeavors he played a major role in the school production of PYGMALIAN and the school's entries in the Nova Scotia Drama Festival. He has been the Treasurer of the Student Council for two back to back terms, all while maintaining a respectable academic standard. His contribution to school life has been immeasurable and his presence will be greatly missed. Asim plans to pursue a career in science in some far away university. We are sure that he will achieve his goals. Good luck for the future.





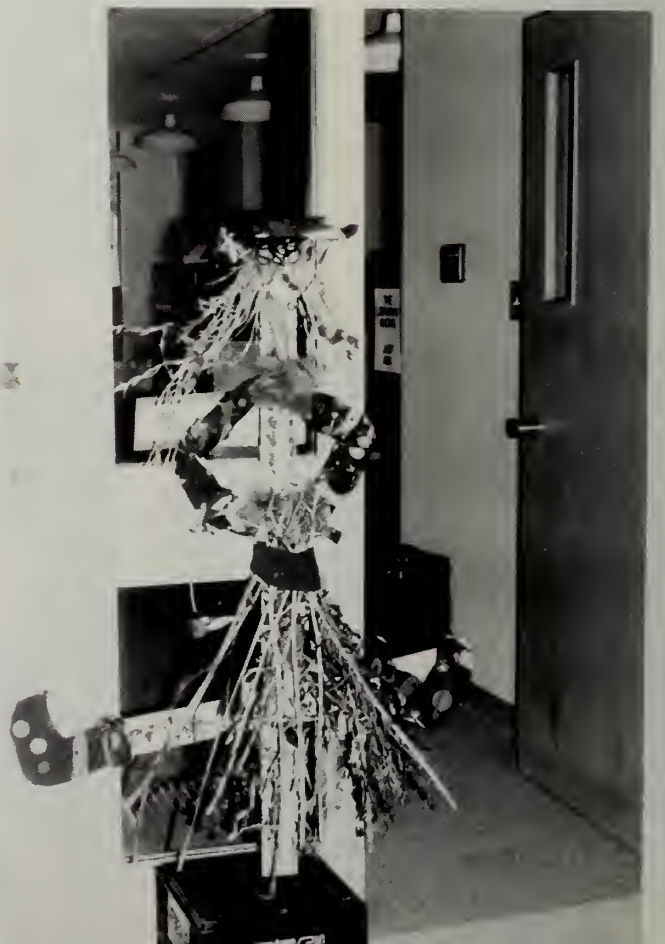


Graduate Candids





The Prep School:





Primary

One sunny day I was bored suddenly the doorbell rang it was Brent he was coming to have a sleepover I was excited we went outside but when I and Brent closed the door a key fell it fell from the sky I picked it up but when I touched it we found ourselves in a room in the room there was a door I tried to turn it around but it went back. We swallowed we went in quietly we saw lots of food nobody eating we saw a dog the dog licked us then we went back home.

allen

Peter

JONAH + HAN

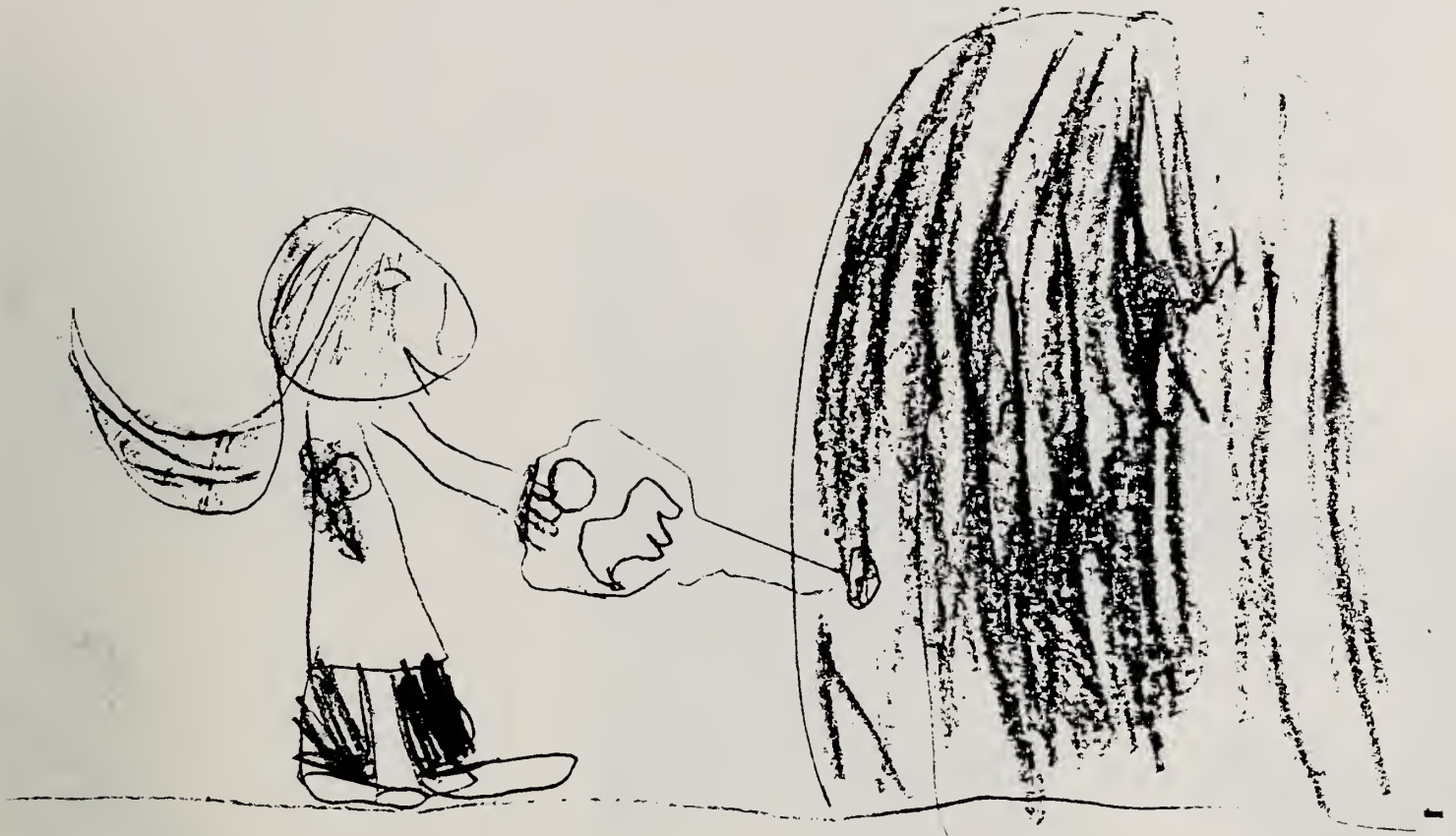
Ricky

I saw a magic key it flew up to the front door and opened it and all the sudden a big band came out and I was surprised.

MEGAN

DANIEL

TOMESA



One day I was sad my friend Chris came over to my house me and Chris found a hole a key was in the hole we opened a door a band came right through the door then it went back right in the door they had instruments me and Chris were very excited then they said we have to go in outerspace we said why the men said we are outerspacemen then we shut the door. Then they took us on a trip they said that planet is called Good Land some space-ships came along they looked like a flower they were good they go fast then we returned to the planet good I had fun I loved it was cold then they said you have to go back home then we went back on their backs then that minute they gave me and Chris some gold then we went home they had eagle feet and wings then it stopped raining the sun came out we played tag then Chris went home.

SABA

Thanks

RYAN

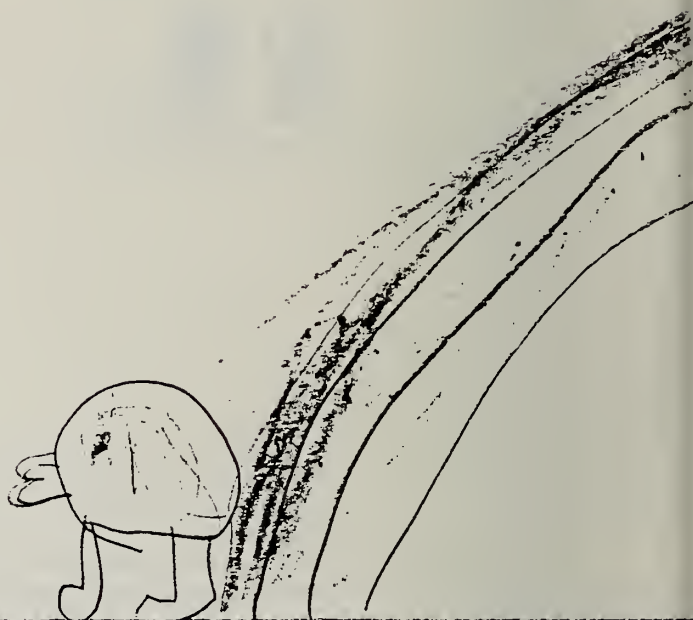
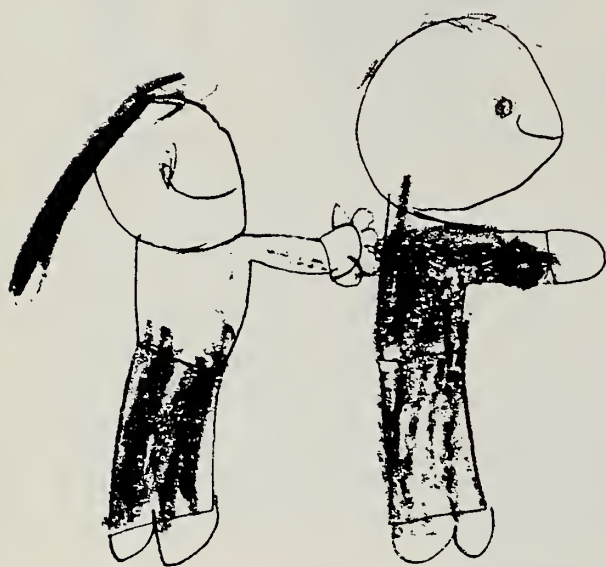
HENRY

One day before I went to bed I found a key on the mat it was silver. I picked the key up and the next morning I took the key to a door and I opened the door and I found a unicorn and lots of jewelry there and the jewelry belonged to the unicorn and the unicorn let me have all of the jewelry. I said thank you and I made a wish to be back home and I gave my mommy half of the jewelry. My mommy said thank you. I said your welcome. My mommy said where did you go to? I said I got them at the cave of the unicorn. I know you went to see some things. I know mommy. I know mommy I did I saw many things. It was a great trip.

TOYNN

Jenny

SOPHIE



KRISTIN

One day I was playing with my friend. We went to the kitchen and I asked my mom if we could have a cookie and she said yes and I picked it up and under my cookie there was a key. When we finished the cookie we went to my room. We put the key in my closet door and I turned the key. Me and my friend opened the door and there was rainbow land and we walked in and there was Rainbow Brite and she said follow me and I'll take you to the Colour Castle. Then we played with Rainbow Brite and then went back to the door and went out it and we played and played and then my friend had to go home and I said good-bye.

Prep One

Sarah Root, Julie Laurence, Adam Conter, Matthew Blades.

Fireplace

I go inside after a long day
in the snow. We build a fire
Mom builds it well. I made
some hot chocolate I touched
it. It was hot and I sat down.

by: Julie



Icicles

Icicles can stick to your
lip some people like to
eat them you can't smell
them you can feel them you
can see them I love icicles.

by: Sarah

Snow Falls

The snow is soft
it is cold too it
has no taste I
cannot smell it
it is nice to see
but the worst part
is I can't hear it



Ian Wilson, Robert Liston.

Snow

When you feel the snow it feels cold. And when you hold it up to a light it melts. When you eat the snow it tastes cold. And when you look down at the snow from a mountain the snow looks white.

by: James S.

Paul Radchuck, Adam Conter, Jonathon Kynock, Drew McKenna, Ian Campbell.



Richard Koda, James Houlton.



Snow

The snow falls softly
on the snowman and
on the bushes too I saw a
Deer it was beautiful

by: Richard

Sledding

I went sledding in my backyard
it was fun I was scared a little
then I went inside. I felt the
snow the snow felt like soup.

by: Drew



Chris Turney, Richard Koda, Monty McKeever, Stevie Brooks.



Jamie Schwartz, Taylor Cameron, Chris Turney.

Kyrie Vardewater, Mahmood Hussain.



The Snowmen

I can make two snowmen
I can make them high
I can make four snowmen
Reaching towards the sky.

Snow

Snow falls quietly in the night every
winter and melts in your hand or in the
heat. It can cause frostbite but it is
nice to play in.

by: Ian

Snow

Snow oh snow it's so nice.
It's soft it's fluffy it's white.
It's so nice to play in the snow.
You can make balls but you cannot
make a coat. You cannot
make a carrot. You cannot make
a hat. You cannot make mittens.
But I love snow.

by: Stevie

Prep Two



There was a Cold Day in the Middle of June

One day in the middle of June there were six icicles outside Sally's house. She was very surprised in the middle of June. The icicles were on top of her house. She told her mom. Her mom was surprised. She asked the weatherman. He said, "I do not know why this happened." Everything else was fine, the way it should be in the middle of June, beside the fact that the sun was purple and the flower stems were yellow and the flowers that were supposed to be pink were blue. Sally almost fainted. Her mom did! Her dad came home and fainted also. Her five year old brother came home. He said, "Wow!!!"

by: Ashleigh McKenna

The Magic Genie

Once upon a time there was a magic lamp. It was inside a haunted castle. A man was lost in the forest. He saw the castle. He was so cold he was about to faint. He opened the door to the haunted castle and went inside. He saw the lamp. He said, "Is that what I think it is? Is that a magic lamp? I will see." He picked it up and rubbed it a couple times. Then a cloud of dust appeared. It was a magic genie. "Don't be afraid of me. I will give you one wish." "Thank you very much. My wish is that I get back home to where I belong." After that the man was not scared of genies and he felt warm and happy.

by: Alexis Green

My wish starts with an "M",
You have to paint my wish,
My wish has a town,
My wish is a model train set

by: Anthony Abato

My wish is round,
My wish is hollow,
My wish has an opening at the top,
My wish is a Mexican cup.

by: Marc Beauchamp

Quynn Morehouse, Craig Oliver, Adam Digby, Joshua Ewing, Jason Giovenetti, Marc Beachamp.



The Cat Next Door

Once a cat lived next door to a dog. The dog did not chase the cat. The dog was a girl. The cat was a girl. They liked each other. The cat had a pink house. One day a dog came to the cat's house. It wasn't the dog next door. Who was it? The cat was frightened! The cat opened the door very slowly. The dog sprang! Up the cat ran. The dog chased the cat. Then the dog next door came just in time. The dog ran away. The cat thanked the dog.

by: Quynn Morehouse

Barbados

When we lived in Barbados, our backyard was full of coconut trees. Every day I would eat one coconut. They were delicious. We had a big house. Everyday we would go swimming two times. We found a baby turtle. We kept him for a long time.

by: Jeremy Ewing



Once upon a time there was a princess. She was beautiful. One day a wizard came. The wizard was magic. He turned the princess into a monster. She was terrified. "You beast! You turned me into a monster!" The princess was sad, but the spell went away. So the princess was happy.

by: Tressa LeBlanc

My wish is fluffy,
My wish has a round face,
My wish is sometimes fierce,
My wish is a Barn Owl.

by: Craig Oliver

Hallowe'en

One sunny day Sally took a walk. She had a very nice time until she met a witch. She was afraid very much. So she went to her house and told her mother. Her mother thought she should get her eyes checked. Sally said, "No!!! I hate the eye doctor." Her mother said, "You won't go trick or treating and you won't get any treats." So she went to the eye doctor. Her eyes were fine. When she got to her house she saw a witch. She heard a ghost. Later that night she found out that the witch and the ghost were her friends.

by: Ashleigh McKenna

My wish is round
My wish is made in 1989,
My wish costs one dollar,
My wish is a loonie.

by: Tressa LeBlanc



My wish is soft and sparkly,
 My wish feels nice,
 My wish is light and brown,
 My wish is ...
 I want my hair to grow long and long.

by: Lizzie Dodds

My wish lives in the forest,
 My wish smells bad,
 My wish is black and white,
 My wish is a skunk.

by: Jeremy Ewing

My wish has two wings,
 My wish is white too,
 My wish has a pointed beak,
 My wish is a baby Barn Owl.

-by: Quynn Morehouse



Darah Gaum, Lizzie Dodds, Kathryn Franklin, Quynn Morehouse, Micheal Smith, Trena LeBlanc.



Once upon a time there were three adults. One was called Lisa, and another was called Ivan. Another was called Norman. Norman said, "Look look! I am invited to the Queen's palace party. I am going to go now." "Knock, knock!" "Who is it?" "It is me, Norman." "Come in." "Is anybody else coming?" "No." "You have a lot of guards." The Queen said, "I guess I will just take a little nap. A guard is in the other room." "O.K. You take a quiet, little nap." "Ah, ah, ah!" "that is the Queen. I am coming." I opened the door and I saw the burglar. I couldn't see him good 'cause he went out the window so fast.

by: Jason Giovannetti



Prep Three

Sick

Eyes was watery.
Nose was stuffy.
Eyes was balling.
Nose was snuffly.
Lips so dry and puffy.
Head was hurting pretty roughly.
Was not going to play so toughly.
Was in bed reading when all of a sudden began to
sneeze sneezed
bout a dozen.
Was all full of sneezes sneeze one
two three when there was no sneezes in me.

by: Lauren Abrahams

The Haunted House
ghost hiding
stairs creaking
Frankenstein moaning
witches cackling
wolf crying
beans rotting
liver sizzling
Please don't make me open the door.

Jennifer Wheatley, Sarah Blatch, Ashley Seaman, Lauren Abrahams.



Thomas Brooks, Jamie Reid.



One Snow Day

One snowy day I was in the woods following tracks that I thought belonged to a deer. They were deep so I thought it must have been a heavy animal. They were fresh so he couldn't be far away. Why couldn't I find it?

by: Jenny Wheatley



A Joke!

1000 trampolines stolen
the police are springing
into action

by: Mike DeGrasse

News Flash

1000 WIGS STOLEN
POLICE ARE
COMBING THE AREA

by: Nicholas Woolnough

Nicholas Woolnough, Thomas Brooks.



Kate Turney



Laura Gray



James and Lewis Wolff.



Prep Four



Peter Hunter, Zavin Nazaretian, Danny Roscoe.

Matthew Brannon, Evan Petley-Jones, Tommy Chamagne, Noah Watson.





Lisa Fentress

Dear Josette,

Please forgive me, I know it has been three years since I left and you must have been very worried about me.

The last year you know I was in Paris studying at the Sorbonne. One day in a class I met an interesting Indian man named Moho who was in Paris studying art. After classes we often met at a cafe on Boulevard St Michel. As I grew to know him he told me his story. He was the son of a Maharajah, and was returning to Asia in one month.

We like each other well, and when he asked me to come to Asia with him I did.

I was astonished by his beautiful huge palace. The palace has fountains and gardens, marble floors and silver dishes, and I saw 500 servants dressed in silk robes with big turbans on their heads. I saw lots of them fanning the royal family and waiting on them.

I was given a job to teach English to the young children of the royal family, a job which I am still doing.

Last year I received a necklace from the Maharajah that had two rubies on each side of the necklace then five glittering diamonds, followed by two emeralds all sealed together with gold, followed by a wood carving that had the signature of the Maharajah.

If anything should happen to me you can have my necklace which I hide in a safe under a trapdoor in the marble in the northwest corner in my room. And this is the combination to the safe: 32 right, 58 left, 64 right.

The city where I live is filled with lots of cows that are sacred to the people and it has lots of little streets and alleys and lots of very small stores. Many of the people are poor and live in houses that are made of metal boards and wood.

You can find the palace entrance because there are three massive carved pillars with lots of designs on them.

The palace is in the middle of the city and the entrance is one of the biggest squares in the city. The city is on a large river and that's where most of the poor people go to get water and to wash.

I think that this is a great place and I think I will stay here.

by: Thomas Chamagne

Andrew Muncaster, John Beauchamp, Josh Ewing.



The Ship

Once there was a boy named Simon. He loved to build things (especially things for water).

One day when Simon was walking through the hall at school he saw his friend Mark, holding a box in his hands. He said "Hi Mark. What's that in your hands? It looks big." Mark said "It's a model of a boat that my granddad and I built." And that was when Simon had the idea of building a ship.

As soon as school was over Simon ran home as quickly as he could and started to build the ship. It took him several days but it was worth it. It was the most beautiful ship you've ever seen.

On that day there had been reports of a hurricane which Simon had not heard about.

The next day Simon went out early in the morning to test the boat before surprising his parents. When he got out it was a beautiful morning. The waves were calm. It was sunny. It was just perfect.

When Simon was on the boat he was ready. He had a radio, some cookies, a paddle, and a megaphone in case he was in trouble. All of a sudden the waves got stronger and stronger and Simon started to drift out. Suddenly Simon's paddle fell off the boat so Simon started to yell through the megaphone. When his mother and father heard the sound they came rushing down the stairs and out the door but it was too late. Simon had floated away!

After awhile Simon fell asleep and when he woke up he was on an island. He had been shipwrecked. He looked around and didn't recognize anything. Suddenly out of the corner of his eye he noticed something moving. He followed in the direction it was going. When it stopped Simon saw what it was. It was a little man. The little man had black hair, a red shirt, and green pants. He had been there for six years.

Back at the home the mother and father were scared they had phoned the Coast Guard and the police.

The little man and Simon were becoming good friends. When Simon told him about his adventure and about how much he wanted to go home the little man had an idea. They would build a ship to go home. They worked quickly and soon it was done. Simon sailed away and returned home.

by: John Beauchamp



Toby Stoltz, Geoff Gardner.



Jenny Oliver, Fiona Liston, Meg Pooley.



Bethany Lander, Alicia Miller, Sara Bercholtz, Erika Wilson.

Prep Five

Peter Lawrence, David Franklin.

Buddhism
Tranquil, gentle
Cheerful, humourous, compassionate
Always loving people tenderly
Buddhism

by: Vanessa Hayward

Deer

As the father deer,
Runs for freedom,
He finds out he's too late.

by: Mark Henderson

Haiku

The crabs click their claws.
They tap dance with their feet.
Then they look around.

by: Jennifer Digby

Haiku

As the fish is hooked
He knows it is not a dream
For the pain burns like no dream

by: Bethany Lander



David Totten



My Spider

My spider is much tamer than yours
I found him on the English Mores
I bet yours isn't black and blue
Cause I beat mine till it looks like goo
It smells just like my old old brother
But it's got to go says my mother

by: Bethany Lander

On January Sixteenth the VIA workers cried.
For half of VIA rail had died.

And all of the VIA workers they were an angry mob.
For half of them had lost their jobs.

When the minister of transportation said to us.
Hey! you VIA riders take the bus.

The people they were furious, they protested
everywhere.

But some people didn't even care.

"All of this is worth it, I'll chain myself to the
train.

Even if I end up in pain."

I hope the Liberals or N.D.P.s bring VIA back.
I hope they tie Bouchard in a sack.

But as the last Sydney train tried to roll away.
People said, "I hope we have it back some day."

by: Billy Smith

The King is Dead

Help, help the King is dead!
A peasant came and chopped off his head!

Oh me, oh my, oh why, oh why?

Don't times just go flying by?

What's that? The King is still alive!

I hope he does not send me to die!

I think I better go and hide.

I know, I'll go to the land of Syde.

What's that? There's no such land?

I know, I'll join a band.

What? A wizard is going to turn me to sand?

Why, oh why must this happen in May?

Well I hope I see you all next day!

by: Joseph Rosenberg

Vanessa Hayward, Jennifer Digby.



Billy Smith

Puddle

As the huge giant,
Steps in the sea the
Water splashes up at him.

by: Mark Henderson

Haiku

As one creature goes,
None of humanity weeps.
Wait till it's our turn.

by: Jason Rosenberg

The Red Fox at the Wildlife Park

The red fox prowls right by,
he has a misty look in his eye.

He is as red as the leaves in the fall,
Though his bony body is very small.

The red fox, he has only one eye,
hence the colour is as clear as the sky.

Yet under the fox's true radiance,
he must leave his cage, he needs the chance.

To go to the woods to say good-bye,
and under a tree there he will lie.

Unfortunately his death is near,
and that is my very strong fear.

by: Tara Waldman

Dogs

filthy, fleecy
black, white, bad
snarl at all humanity
Dogs

by: Ian Caines



I Can't Wait to Go Down to the Farm

I can't wait to go down to the farm
We'll drive all the way to the Arm
The flowers so sweet
I think it's just neat
With the horses the cows and the sheep
There's no place so nice
With the flowers and spice
I can't wait to go down to the farm.

by: Erica Wilson



Jenny Chetwynd, Tara Waldman, Laura Godsoe.

Polka dots so pretty.
pink, purple, blue, and brown,
you will see them everywhere.

by: Jennifer Digby

Kevin Moore



Haiku

The sparrow looks down
seeing the smoke death and war,
but yet it sings on.

by: Ian Caines

Edward McKeever



Prep Six



Sarah Fentress, Billy Nikolaou, Georgina Mastrapas, Aylin Alemdar.

The Fractured Skull

Early in the morning I got out of bed
And I fell out of my window
And I landed on my head.
My sister went to my mother and said
"Alex fell out of the window
And he landed on his head."
They rushed me to the hospital
And the doctor said,
"Better watch out because
He might be dead."
But all that happened
Oh, how dull,
All I did was
Fracture my skull.

Alexander Wilson

My Friends

Today I eat my lunch
Today I threw out my apple
My friend told my other friend that I copy
My friend said "I know"
My friend told me that my other friend said this
My father said "Do it back"
My mother said "Honey that is not nice"
Once I hated my friend
So these friends bug me a lot.

Jenny DeGrasse

Mad

Today I got mad at my dog
Today I called him a hog

My friend is coming over I said
My friend is scared of you
My friend will die and then be dead

My father said so too
My mother told me a story

Once upon a time
So this is why I'm telling you
This senseless little rhyme.

Julie Chamagne

Being Sick

Today I was sick
Today I had to stay in bed
My friend brought me
a Teddy Bear
My friend stayed with
me all day
My friend cheered me up
My father got me medicine
My mother made me chicken soup
Once you get sick it's not
easy to get better
So don't get sick

Joanna Trager

My Sister

If you have a sister
You will know,
It is not the greatest thing to have.
She tattles on me,
She bribes me,
She says I owe her money.
Once I was on the phone,
She picked up the other end
She said all these things about me.
I was getting really mad,
I yelled at her to get off.
And when she didn't I hung up.
We started to fight,
In the end the only thing that happened,
Was us not speaking to each other.
In the end I forgave her,
After all she is my sister,
And she bribed me.

Liza Piper

The Secret

I've got a secret
Locked up inside
It's a secret
That's hard to hide
I try and try and try again
But it's really hard to keep
I don't think I can hold it in
It's not down very deep
The devil and the angel
Are each fighting a side
NOW how am I supposed
To keep my secret down inside?

Julie Chamagne



Julie Chamagne, Suzannah Robertson.

A Thief

It was a dark and stormy night. The lights had just gone out and I didn't have one candle in the house. Then suddenly I heard a bang on the door, rat- a- tat- tat. I thought to myself, who could that be on a night like this. I went to the door and asked, "Who is it?" No answer. I asked again, "Who is it?" Still no answer. I looked out the eye-hole on the door. A burgler, a thief, now what should I do? I was scared but I dare not say anything now. I went upstairs into my bedroom. I heard the bang again rat- a- tat- tat. Then a big bang, the thief had just broken in. I stood still; I would let him take anything, Just not to hurt me. He was in my house for about ten minutes. He took just about all my money and all my expensive jewelry. When the thief left, I ran to the window and took down some note of how he looked. Then I called the police right away and told them the story. They were on the search right away. It didn't take them long to find the thief. He was sentenced in jail for five years. I got my stolen belongings back from the police and I moved away.

Rachael Glube

The Gunslinger Part One

The Gunslinger had been chasing the Grim Reaper for almost two deserts now. He had been through many towns along with his pet dragon Dorf. The Gunslinger had been a gunslinger for almost twenty years. This was one of the most dangerous missions he had been asked to do in his life. The Gunslinger was very close to the Grim Reaper - between two to ten miles away, he guessed.

The Gunslinger was a young man about thirty. His dragon however was only ten years old in human years. The Gunslinger had found him after the baby dragon's mother had been killed and decided to adopt him.

The Grim Reaper was the symbol of death, as the people called him. He was ruler of death and destruction.

He hated the Gunslinger and he tried to kill the Gunslinger many times because the Gunslinger represented the law.

We have met once before," thought the Gunslinger," and I remember only your harsh laugh." His thoughts vanished and suddenly a cry came from the distance, just like the one in his thoughts. It was the Grim Reaper. The Gunslinger followed the cry through the total, eerie darkness. Finally he saw the shadow of a man with a sickle. The man raised the sickle and began to mumble some words that the Gunslinger could not understand. Suddenly, the sky was filled with a blinding light which struck the Gunslinger hard. He fell to the ground like he was a falling tree. At lightning speed the Gunslinger reached for one of his guns and fired twice. The loud sounds echoed in the caverns around them. When the bullets were coming closer to the Grim Reaper he stuck out his hand and the bullets deflected off it. He began to laugh that horrible laugh again, "HHHHAAAAAA" Suddenly he disappeared.

Ian C. Smith



Ian Smith, Adrian Neuman.



Neeti Singh, Claire Hinnell, Rachael Glube, Julie Henderson, Liza Piper.

We're On Our Way

We slowly got in the car
Everything loaded up and ready
We all said our last good-bye
All of us were crying
(especially Mom)

I couldn't believe it
We were actually leaving
Leaving our beloved town
Leaving our relatives
Leaving our friends

We're on our way to Canada
The vast unknown land to the west

There was no turning back now
There were tears, sorrow and laughter

We slowly pulled out the drive
We're soon on the highway
We arrived at the airport and
Checked in the baggage
Then Jessie's box didn't arrive
So we thought that we
Were going to have to leave her
But the box finally came
We put her in the box and off she went
To the plane

Soon I fell asleep
When I woke up we were there
At the barren wasteland
I looked out and said
"Wait a minute there are houses here"
This place looks "okay"

Ben Lander

My Terrible Day

Today was a terrible day.
Today it rained and snowed all day.
My friend moved away today,
My friend moved to Montego Bay,
My friend will never come back.
My father says, "That's too bad."
My mother says, "Don't be so sad."
Once, a year ago today, we had a pillow fight in bed,
So, today since I was so sad, I cried instead.

Liza Piper

Peter Brannon, Robbie Cameron, Iain Finlayson.

My Teddy Bear

Today I got a teddy bear
Today I wasn't well
My friend gave me my teddy bear
My friend named him Sam
My friend was being nice to me
My father did agree
My mother said that Sam was cute
Once I was feeling well again
I got an unexpected treat.

Marcy Laing

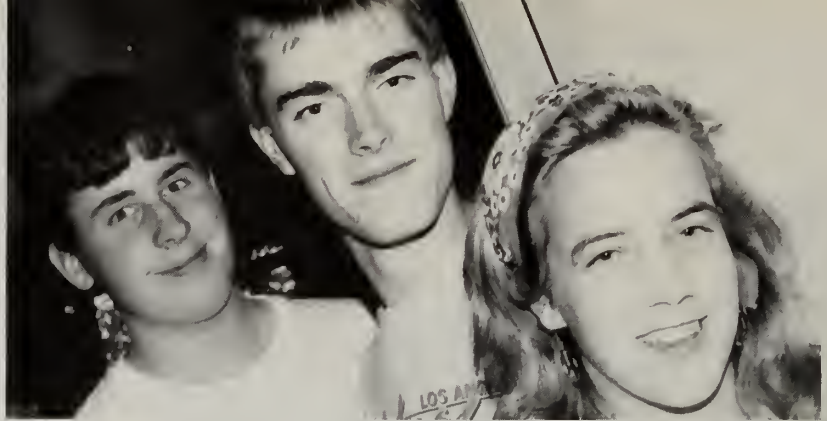
The Sunny Day

Today was a very beautiful day.
Today the sun was shining.
My friend is nice.
My friend loves to suck ice.
My friend is rather weird.
My father had a busy day,
My mother was shopping all day.
Once we had all gone to Greece,
So please let the sun come back.

Billy Nikolaou

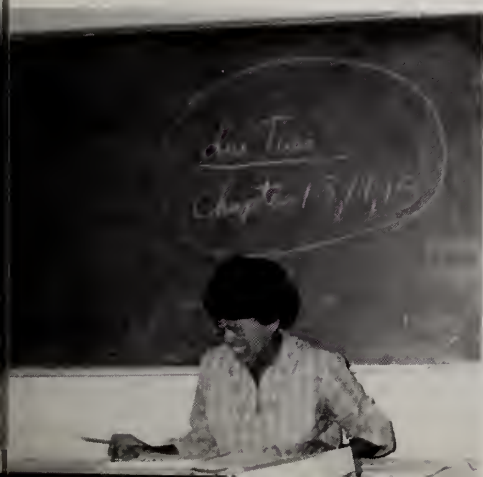






The Upper School





Upper One

Famous quotes of Upper One:

Jennifer Aldrich- "TELL ME, TELL ME!"
 Ben Alexander- "Don't tease me about my height!"
 Andrew Barker- "I'm a genius!"
 Hannah Blades- "Do I look like I care?"
 Sarah Bryant- "Don't ask me, I don't know the answer!"
 Matthew Brooks- "?"
 Janet Cooper- "No ... well ... maybe . OH YEA!"
 Mete Erdogen- "I don't know!"
 Jennifer Franklin- "That's SO immature!"
 Molly Grindley- "HELLO!"
 Kerry Kindred- "Hullabaloo!"
 William Landymore- "YO!"
 Christina Lee- "Jeesu Joy!"
 Martha Lawrence- "Nice life!"
 Eriskay Liston- "RED pencilcase rules!"
 Bradly McCallum- "NO!"
 Catherine McDougall- "Get a grip!"
 Andrew McFarlane- "OH BURN!"
 David Pink- "OH MY GOD!"
 Kate Perry- "Well, yeah I know!"
 David Rapson- "Burnage on the suckage!"
 Craig Silverman- "NO, BLUE pencilcase rules!"
 Mark Terrio-Cameron- "Auhhhh!"
 Alana Tervo- "Isn't it WONDERFUL!?"
 Micheal Tucker- "OWW!"
 Irene Zouros- "Of course I understand!"

Falling Leaves

Leaves are falling from the trees
 They look pretty, at least to me
 As they fall they go round n' round
 Until they reach the hard ol' ground
 Then they get trampled on
 'Til the snow comes, then they're gone.

By: David Pink

Left to right: Craig Silverman, Bradley McCallum, Andrew Barker, Irene Zouros.



Left to right: Martha Lawrence, Jennifer Franklin, Eriskay Liston, Alana Tervo, Catherine McDougall.

Autumn

Showy ornaments
 Grimson jewels in gold crowns
 Nature's treasure

By: Kate Perry

My Fish

There are fish that live in fresh water,
 And fish that live in the sea,
 But the very best kind of fish, I think,
 Are the fish that live with me.

Now you may think that fish are boring,
 That they have no brains at all,
 But my fish are very smart indeed,
 Each one both big and small.

Before I go to feed my fish,
 I sound a bell and turn on the light,
 All the fish then swim to the top,
 And I think it's because they know me by sight.

By: Matthew Brooks



Mothers

Mothers are a necessity of life.
They're always there for you,
To cover you with a blanket,
To prevent a chill, from standing in the rain.
They yell and nag a lot
But I guess I can understand.
If you get in an argument with them
They always end up right
Mothers are wonderful,
I love mine very much.

Andrew McFarlane

Today

A year ago
She said to me
You see
You live
You die
And then
It's over

Catherine McDougall

Season of Athletes

The season of athletes begins in the spring,
As birds all soar into flight.
The noise of the stadium begins to ring,
While the game goes on into the night.

Near the end of the summer football begins,
And the teams start earning their ranks.
The players show progress with their wins,
But with losses their faces go blank.

Slowly but surely the winter does come,
The old seasons come to a halt,
Hockey begins with excitement and fun,
And the teams go back to the start.

By: David Rapson

Poem

I have to write a poem,
it's difficult, you see.

I don't know what to write about,
what should it be?

Trees, flowers, or the wind,
or maybe just the sea?

It's hard to choose from the above,
but maybe it will come to me.

Now look what has happened,
I'm happy as can be.

I've told you all my story,
so I'm not going to get a "D".

Martha Lawrence

My Tree

Sining in a lightbulb
Smiling while in pain
Drawing with a clockhand
Tanning in the rain
Sun and moon
Laughter and tears
Black and white
Scared without fears
Impossible pairs?
I don't agree
Everything's possible
When friendship is free.

Alana Tervo



Left to right: Michael Tucker, Ben Alexander,

Horses

Arabian colts
Running free,
Hanoverian stallions
Galloping in the wind,
Dappled grey ponies
Trotting merrily.
Belgian draught horses
Plowing the field.
Horse or pony,
Big or small,
On his back
You'll want to stay.

Sarah Bryant

Mete Erdogan, William Landymore.



Schatzi

Schatzi is a lady,
As clever as can be,
She eats martini chocolates,
Drinks coffee, milk or tea!

She likes doggie commercials,
For she loves to watch TV;
She's quite a couch potato,
And she sleeps on top of me.

She greets them at the door,
When people come to tea,
Puts her paw out to say hello,
She thinks she's human, you see.

So if you come to visit
And she jumps on you with glee,
Don't be afraid of her loud bark,
She's only one foot three!

Christina Lee



Left to right: Katy Grindley, Christina Lee, Sarah Bryant.

Treasure

Treasure is gold or silver
It's usually hid in a chest
And when you find it you'll really think
That treasure is best.
Pirates, sailors, fishermen too
All like to hide treasure from you!

By: Craig Silverman

The Outside World

Sitting down beside myself
Instead of inside of me
I look around and at myself
And how wonderful it is to be
Sitting outside of me

By: Catherine McDougall



Left to right: Kate Perry, Jenny Aldrich, Mrs. Meinertzhagen.

The Distant City

There is a distant city,
whose ground is made of gold,
whose trees are made of diamonds,
The birds sing out so bold.

There is a distant city,
a spectacular creation.
You ask me where this city is?
In my imagination.

By: Irene Zouros





Upper Two

Drifting Away

I open my eyes, not fully aware,
Objects call to me,
My windows beckon me with their sing-song
 "Creek, creek!"
The moonlight streams through my window and
 dances on the wall.
Welcoming me to join in the merry-making.

The song of silence fills the air,
I am alone in my little night world.
Me and my thoughts play chase with each other,
Is this how a dream begins?

Trying to make the magic last,
My eyelids flutter down like leaves on an
autumn day,
My body begins to float away,
And sleep, like a thief, steals me again
'Til another day.

by: Mary-Kate



Gordon Pease, Jamie Stoltz, Nat Pearre, Willie Grover.





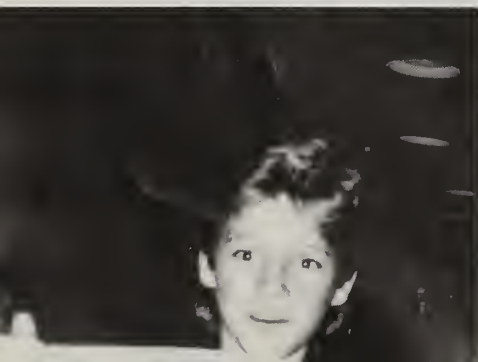
Tova Rosenberg, Mary-Kate Arnold, Emma Penick, Hannah Riding.



Giles Oland, Jessica Linzey



Guy Germain



Anne Totten
Nicole Porter
Ata Erdogan



Fantasies

We are always wishing, wanting
Waiting for that dream come true
We are always hoping, praying
Everyday we'll be brand new

In the silences one finds
Dreams are always in our minds
But in the world of space and matter
Dreams may shatter

Like a slippery bar of soap
Dreams tempt us with their hope
If you're really trying to cope
Stop dreaming
JUST WAKE UP.

by: Mary-Kate



James Dodds

Tera Hurst

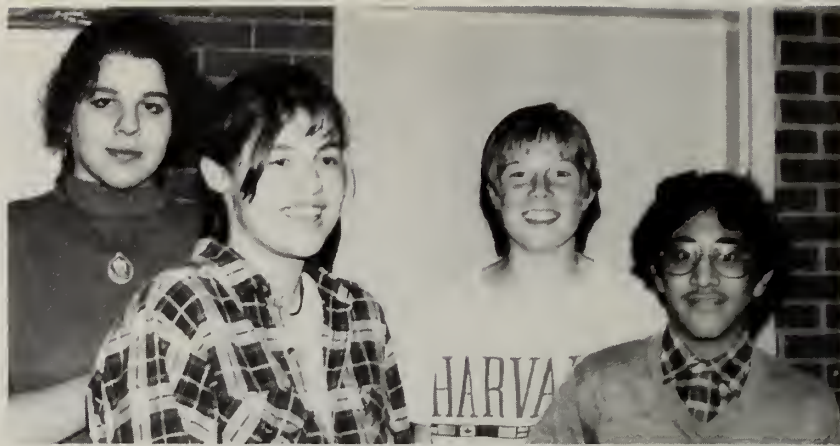


Martha Casey, Lizzie Oore, Jenny Hinnell, Tina Piper.

Harold Roscoe



Upper Three



Famous quotes of the class of Upper Three:

Graham- "I'm back!"
 Kerry- "Hockey is still my life!"
 Emily- "Wanna fight?!"
 Stacey- "Rrrryaribba!"
 Kirsten- "I'm not angry, just hurt, terribly, terribly hurt. - P.G. Wodehouse."
 Allyson- Sniff, sniff, cough, cough "I'm sick!"
 Heather- "I don't understand???"
 Bessy- "Nice head!"
 Doug- "Hey, Good Lookin'!"
 Kate- "I don't know, what do I say?"
 Tricia- "O.K., you're normal today!"
 Joy- "Stacey and I are NOT fragile!!"
 Shivana- "Man, I've got something to tell you!!"
 James- "What a brute!"
 Stephen- "I dunno!"
 Matthew- "That's gay!"
 Brent- "Holy Scat!"
 David McF.- "Wedgie!"
 David F.- "Did you get the math?!"
 Andrew- "It's not cold in here!"
 Karim- "I'm not a brain!"
 Danielle- "Hi, Cool dudes!"
 Jessica- "Skid Row rules!"
 Sarah- "Go back to bed!"
 Lesley- "I wasn't talking!"
 Susan- "I only have 32 days left. YA HOO!!!"

In the Spring the flowers come up,
 After a time of frost and snow.
 Exactly like a newborn pup.
 Fresh and new and ready to show.

In the Summer when school is out,
 The time when laughter's in the eye.
 All the children run and shout,
 Under a perfect cloudless sky.

In the Autumn the leaves fall,
 That's when the temperatures slowly drop.
 From the south the birds call,
 As the farmers harvest their crop.

In the Winter The snowflakes float,
 Very much shorter are the days.
 "Pile it higher and build a moat!",
 The children say when they run to play.

By: Graham Aldrich

Left to right: Jessica Lane, Allyson Franklin, Doug Penick, Karim Mukhida.

North Atlantic Cod

North Atlantic Cod,
 tastes like grass sod.
 It isn't very tasty,
 Because it's coloured pasty.
 On my plate it always squirms,
 because it is infested with worms.
 North Atlantic Cod,
 no one wanted it,
 NOT EVEN THE DOG.

By: Tricia Joyce

Hope against Hope
 Dream against Reality
 Pain
 You against Everyone
 Against all reason
 Fight
 You must triumph
 Triumph over wrong
 Believe
 Even until Death
 Believe

By: Kate Grindley

The Wings of Heaven

He takes her hand and leads her to the top of a mountain,
 'I can fly just watch' he says,
 As he takes one step unto doom,
 The fall, the fall that never ends,
 She wants to look to see what has become of him,
 All she can see is a beautiful eagle flying in the distance,
 'Ah, my love you can fly' her foot leaves the safe ground,
 And she joins her prince in the skies above.

By: Allyson Franklin

Left to right: Stephen O'Dor, Tricia Joyce, James Liston, Katy Grindley.



As Time Wears On

As I grow old,
It grows cold.
My brightly coloured petals begin to fade,
As the leaves on the trees wither away.
My frail stem is ready to break.
I fear I might never see the sun again
Because,
I now am ill and ready to die.
With one cold frost,
You will have to defrost me,
Because I will no longer be with thee.

By: Doug Penick



Andrew Hinnell



The Blanket of Darkness

The night, so dark and frightening yet so wondrous and lovely at the same time. It's like a blanket that tucks us in each night. But have you ever wondered or looked behind darkness, have you ever wondered or imagined what's in it, waiting. Darkness seduces you into this drowsy state, it makes you dream, dream of dark ugly, terrifying slimy, green creatures of the night, just waiting to pounce. Or maybe a trio of lovely angels all dressed in white and long golden hair tumbling down their shoulders.

For it's like this you never know what's waiting, waiting behind the blanket of darkness.

By: Sarah R.

Behind the Curtain

Behind the curtain, the cat sits,
Bathing itself.
Behind the curtain, the cat
Watches people passing below.
Behind the curtain, the cat
Plays with a ball of yarn.
Behind the curtain, the cat
Pounces on a mouse.
All behind the curtain.

By: Lesley Jackson

Left to right: Emily Crow, Bessy Nikolaou, Kirsten Flinn, Stacey Godsoe, Shivana Sankar.

Soldiers of War

They walk around with confused heads, they don't know right from wrong or who they're routing for. They are Soldiers of War they don't have a choice, when their countries declare it, they'll just regret it. They are drafted to paper, like sheets to a bed. The mothers and children wait home for the letter of death. The earth is just a rotating ball with regions of land and water for all. Whose right is it to say they own and rule when they are humans too?

By: Jessica Lane





Left to right: Joy Laing, Allyson Franklin, Leslie Jackson.

Problems

A man sits in his rocking chair,
 Idly warming his feet by the fire,
 'God has made this life so unfair'
 'Another car is my only desire.'
 He muses day and night,
 Blaspheming, cursing, blaming,
 'How will I endure this plight?'
 He yells while ranting and raving,
 'There can't be a God', he says with a sigh,
 'Because if there was, of cars I'd have loads!'
 A man sits contented in his box just nearby,
 Smiling to himself in his corner between two roads,
 'I have so much to be lucky for so I'm going to pray',
 He bowed his head and clasped his hands ceremoniously
 'Thank you God for this wonderful day'.

By: Shivana Sankar

A Tale of Travel (and Mary)

Upon a dusty road
 trodden bare and hard
 by many feet passing by.
 Upon a lowly donkey's back
 flea ridden and sore
 she sang a lullabye.

Led by a tall man
 tired and thirsty
 but too strong to cry out.
 Led by a prayer
 Led by a hope
 For a new king - soon to be about.

In the heat of midday
 no trees for shade
 they kept on going
 hoping to reach the small town
 that evening
 For the Lady Mary was due.

By: Heather MacKenzie

Winter Walk

A warm tongue informs
 me it's time to wake up and
 go for a walk. Scarves, mittens,
 coat and boots are put on.
 Excited feet pitter patter as a
 jingling leash is put on.
 Side by side we leave
 sighs that we have
 passed. We pass our usual land-
 marks, stopping only to sniff. We
 Continually march along meeting
 friends along the way. We
 must hurry, for surely
 we have somewhere to go. But
 soon we are rounding the corner.
 Feet now are very cold as
 we walk up the steps, open
 the door, in we go and pitter
 patter begins again.

By: Emily Crow



The Earth

She sheds her green dress
 And dons her robe of orange;
 Summer becomes fall.

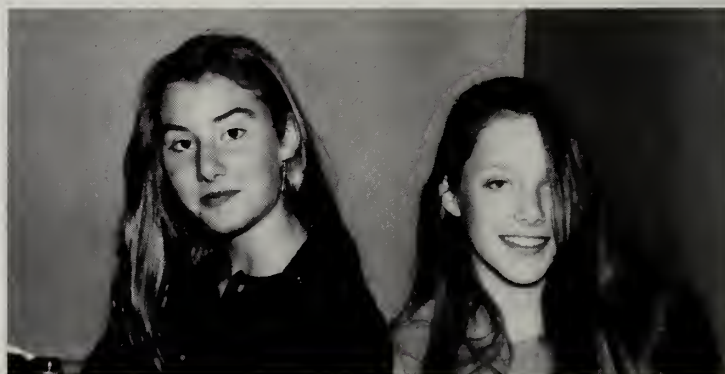
By: David McFarlane

Sarah Risley, Danielle Watson.

Freedom

Run ... run as fast as you can
 But will it help?
 Hide ... if you want, never come out
 But will that help?
 Freedom -- that's what you want.
 But can you have it?
 Maybe ... maybe not.
 But you'll have to face reality
 Or you'll be a prisoner for the rest of your life.

By: Bessy Nikolaou





Left to right: Adrian Cameron, David Brooks, Ben Pearre, Megan Susnis.

Upper Four

Ocean In The Summer

The waves beat below me,
Pounding at the rocks,
Fog is all I can see,
As I go for a long walk,

Sitting at the cliff edge,
Gazing at the sea,
Looking past a little ledge,
At a reflection of me.

The roar of the incoming tide,
The smell of the brine;
On the waves the seagulls ride
Beating to the time.

The gulls cry louder,
As the ocean sea begins to climb,
All the world becomes louder,
Problems washed out in the tide,

Things seem so little and problems
seem to cease,
From the fall of the sun
to when it rises in the east.

Susan Crocker

Tropical Fruit

I walked up the stairs and down the hall expecting to hear the regular groans of morning. Maybe there would be a muffled hello but somehow I doubt it. I put down my bag and took off my coat, grabbed a few books thinking to myself "Do I have math or English first?" Then I walked on down the hall. There were kids talking about math homework and some kids trying to hurriedly read the Count Of Monte Cristo. No one looked up smiled or said hello. I walked on to the end of the hall and into my classroom. It was empty except for you. You were leaning up against a desk playing with a yo-yo. You looked up smiled and said good morning. I guess that's when we became friends.

Judy Halebsky

Where to find the class of Upper Four:

Jenny Shippe- hicking with Pick and Lick
Judy- mud wrestling with Hick and Pick
Jen Silverman- on the floor with Lick and Hick
Tammy- flipping out
Ben P.- in the computer lab
Pathum- at a Metallica concert
Julie- training to serve and protect
Ben M.- in a mountain river shaving his legs
Anne- in a barn having puppies
Susan- fainting in the hallway
David- attempting to pick up chicks at Dalplex
Matthew- driving Mr. Evans crazy
Adrian- guest starring on the Muppet Show
Mathias- slacking off with 10 000 frees a week
Megan- on a reading rainbow
Trevor- on a golf course with a whopper
David K.- at Dalplex getting picked up

Left to right: Jennifer Silverman, Ben Moore, Anne Wylie Roberts, Julie Lamontagne.

People, people, people
So many wonderful people
Everyone in their own cocoons
Thinking
Millions of different thoughts.
It could drive you crazy.
But it ain't no thing,
So just keep smiling.

Jenny Shippee



Wind and Sea

I watched my white sails as I raised them
I listened to them slapping in the breeze.
I smelled the West Wind blowing,
carrying the smell of many trees.
I felt the varnished tiller in my hand,
It made each motion of the boat mine,
and I sensed the boat as it became alive
when I cast off the mooring line.
Everything became quiet and smooth
as the sails filled, and ceased to luff
And I tasted the salt spray blown onto my face,
of sailing, I will never have enough!

By: Ben Pearre

In the existence of absolute reality
a poem by me,
Has no inherent legality.
A poem by Megan,
Is like a poem by Reagan,
And has no usefulness or morality.
So this so called "poem" is bad,
Which sort of makes me sad,
But there is nothing I can do, de dum de do,
I'm sorry to inflict this on you.

My: Megan Susnis

Never Ending Moment

Sitting in that room,
You are now to face your doom.
There is nothing to be heard
Silence is absurd
Funny, when people stare
Eyes grow larger than heads can bear.
How to hide?
How to vanish?
To a desert you wish to flee
To busy yourself with glee
Despair goes on and on and on ...
But you cannot end
What only time can mend.

By: Tammy Attia

Susan Crocker, Matthew Burns.



Top: Tammy Attia, Mr. Gray, Matthew Burns, David Keefe.
Bottom: Anne Wylie Roberts, Judy Halebsky, Ben Moore.

Bravery

As you reach the top you feel a certain thrill, as you know you're about to prove your worth. As you prepare you wipe the sweat off your hands on your pants. You breathe in several deep breaths and watch them smoke out. As you lie down on the ground you feel the crisp tingly feeling of the morning dew against your forearms. You take one last deep breath and with a push of your arm you take the last irrevocable step and you're off: tumbling uncontrollably down. You clutch your arms in tight to your chest. You utter a long, loud yelp of panic and terror and wish you had never done this. Each time you roll over your elbows you feel a sharp impact on your chest. All you see is alternate flashing of sky blue and grass green across your face: blue, green, blue, green. This only frightens you more so you close your eyes. You try to stop screaming but you can't. You start to feel very queasy as though you are about to die. Just as you can't bear it any more you slow down. You think it's all over but to your surprise it's not! Green and blue still flash violently across your face. Everything around you is spinning wildly in a blur. You try to walk but to your dismay you fall. You try again, but fail. This time you stay lying down and all becomes normal again. Your heart is beating violently. You feel a triumphant sensation as you jump for joy screaming: "I did it!". You walk away in a frenzy of pride. You turn around for one last look at the scene of your feat but all you see is a normal everyday hill.

By: Mathias Michalon

Left to right: Trevor Greenwood, Patham Malariarachchi, Mathias Michalon.



Upper Five

Where to find the class of Upper Five in ten years:

Maggie- at the head of a New York publishing firm
Paul B.- at the bottom of the Northwest Arm
Sarah- in a green sweater
Julia- in a ditch
Ariz- in Dartmouth
Renee- on Broadway
Jane- in a cow field
Ashton- underwater, yodelling
Markelle- winning the Olympics
Andy- running the Big General
Sean- in a recording studio
Derek- still on those gay roller skis
Luke- at the World Gym
Morgan- in Nepal, meditating
Paul S.- at the dentist with his teef
Peter- getting beaten up in an alley

Forever and Never

It's everything but nothing.
There are so few words we can say.
How can I explain when there's so few
words I can use.
How can I explain.
Everything so same but so nothing.
Good - bad - what's the difference - huh?
The light goes around and around.
Gorgeous or what's the word - what's the difference.
Nothing but everything.
Old - young - what's the difference - huh?
I love you anyway - but what is love - huh?
Reminding everybody of anybody.

By: Jenny Shippee
and Markell Kiefer
Honey baby - forever and never
EH!



Maggie Arnold, Ashton Home.

Come Clear

A violent burst from a peaceful man
Is not the sign of a good life span.
And although they may see eye to eye
One of the two will always cry.
That mightn't make sense, does to me
But just relax, someday you'll see.
That a smurf shouldn't run to catch a falling tree.

By: Paul Baskett

The Big Hippopotamus

Hippopotamus
Big fat ugly mean purple
Hippopotamus

By: Luke Merrimen

The Grumpy Peacenik

People often tell me that my hair is long.
Very long.
When my hair covers my eyes,
Very much like a sheep dog,
And I can see very little,
I am often asked why I do not get
a haircut.
I usually tell the asker that it is
because he/she is very ugly,
And I do not wish to look at he/she.
Once offended, inquisitive people
tend to leave you alone.

By: Sean Kirby



Left to right: Sean Kirby, Paul Baskett, Andy Kim, Ariz David.

To My Father

A man who values peace more than anything else in
the world.
A man who lives to help people.
A man overflowing with goodness.
When my father's love is cloudy,
rain pours in my heart.
When my father's love is clear,
my heart is shining with joy.
When my father turns away,
I shrink within myself.
When my father pays attention,
my pride grows grand.
My father is a very special man.
I love him.
I think he loves me too.

By: Markell Kiefer



My Jacket

I walked into the store
Frenchy's was its name
All the clothes are different
But the prices are the same.

I browsed through the jackets
And a brown one caught my eye
It was 100% camel hair
And I thought, "Hey, I'll buy!"

I walked home in my camel hair jacket
My dad saw my new coat,
He said, "Those are leather buttons I surmise."
I looked down at my buttons, what an added surprise.

I went to school
And what a racket
Suddenly,
Everybody wanted my new jacket.

I love my camel hair jacket with leather buttons.

By: Andy Kim



The Lonely Pack Sack

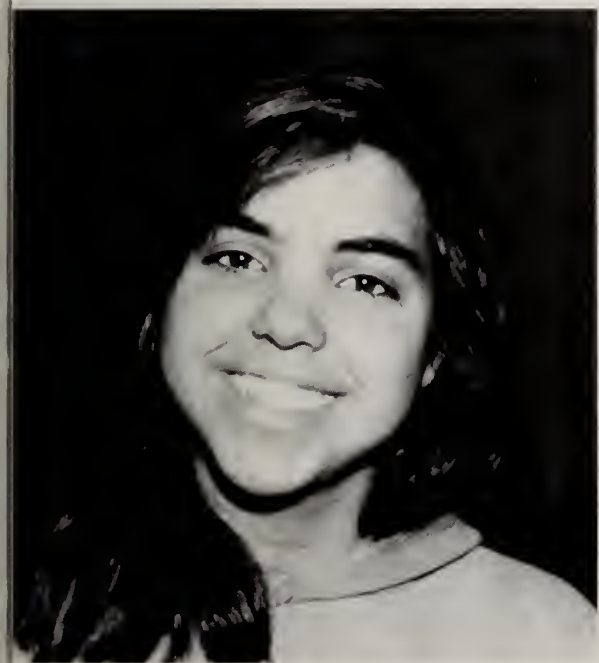
Don't fight, force it, or rush it.
Just ride it and fly
And if you concentrate on not concentrating
A rush, there you will find.

Believe me if you will
I've felt it a hundred times
It's true I've had my fill
But in moderation, it feels fine.

It's not found in a needle or a glass
It's pure and simple, not a crime
It's her arms in the grass
Or just being alone sometime.

By: Paul Baskett





Grammarians Writing

Sometimes

I think

I am not me at all

but pieces of

other people I

talk to

read about

glance at

and admire

and what I know

that they don't

is

I am slowly gathering

parts of them

I like

and adding them to

myself

so that

I can be better for it

but I can laugh at myself

because

they don't know that

parts of themselves

are gone

and now they're part of me

and my looks

and my feelings

and my thoughts.

By: Sarah Baxter

The Strangers

You don't know who they are,

But they watch you everyday.

They're there in the morning,

When you come out the door.

They're there in the evening,

When you come home from school.

They never say anything,

Just sit there and stare.

Who are they with their bodies covered with hair.

They travel in a pack,

And walk in straight lines.

They are quiet acrobats,

Who hunt to kill.

Why do you just sit there,

Why don't you speak,

At least come in away from the cold.

By: Anne Roberts

Drifting Away

I open my eyes, not fully aware,

Objects call to me,

My windows beckon me with their sing song, "Creak, Creak!"

The moonlight streams through my window and dances on the walls,

Welcoming me to join in the merry-making

The song of silence fills the air,

I am alone in my little night world.

Me and my thoughts play chase with each other

Is this how a dream begins?

Trying to make the magic last,

My eyelids flutter down like leaves on an autumn day,

My body begins to float away

And sleep like a thief, steals me again

'Til another day

By: Mary Kate Arnold

My First Violin

My grandmother brought it down from the attic one day,

In an old wooden box that was covered in dust;

It looked like it and its contents were dead, in a

World of useless items, but I knew that it was alive -

With pride and joy and heritage.

My grandmother passed me the ancient box with

Delicate care, and as I held it, I saw before me

A century of life go by, with my great-great-grandfather

As a child in the old Sicilian town, to my grandfather,

Who passed away, but was still alive in our memories, just as was

The old violin

And as I held the old, but precious box, I felt my History.

I knew what was in the old box - an old Italian violin,

One hundred and two years of history, patiently crafted

By my great-great-grandfather,

Patently matured by my forefathers - but it was more than

History - it was a part of my family's life

But besides that, it was

Beautiful.

Mahogany made up the body of the instrument,

With its strings made of genuine horse-hair, and although

It was old, it glowed with life, as if it, and my family's

History, would never die.

Although I am now an old man, I can

Still remember when my grandmother brought it down from the attic

One day.

By: Karim Mukhida

Mental Man

They all consider me insane
Only because I can't remember my name,
Day after day same wall same floor,
Even the same old white door.

I lie here motionless and speechless,
Just dreaming of living in the West,
But I'm here watching the same spider on the same
wall I'd just wanna attack it,
Even though I can't because I'm in this stupid
white straight jacket.

Well I guess this is good-bye,
Even though I don't know why,
Just carry on walking down your lane,
But whatever you do don't forget your name.

By: Guy Germain

The Monster

I think there is a monster under my bed.
Maybe, I think, it's just in my head.
It could be red and green with long tentacles.
It could be big or very small.
It could be big and hairy.
It could be small and ugly.
Maybe it could be a medium-sized manlike
creature.
Oh no, wait it's coming out ...
A huge growl as the huge creature emerges.
Phew, it was my cat, by the name of Tabitha

By: David Finlayson

The Fox

You are beautiful in your red shimmering coat
Your bright black eyes look at me with fear
and curiosity

How many huntsmen's dogs have you evaded
How many bullets have missed you

You sit, ears perked, on a gray rock
That bushy tail that you have lies there

How is it to be a fox
Always in danger but always clever

I take one step closer to see you better
You are gone, a streak of red, full of life
I see you no more

By: David Brooks

The Other Side

I hear the cry of freedom beckoning me
toward the other side
I got to face life's reality, I just can't hide
I'd like to run away from all my fears and
all the tears I haven't cried
But is it any different on the other side

The other side
The other side
Is it any different on the other side

Only a graffiti spewn wall blocks my way
What's on the other side, What does it say
And now that my government has split
the wall in two
Do I have the guts to leave all that I knew
All my friends have taken the plunge
To see the other side I call the sponge
But tell me please, before I die
Is it any different on the other side

The other side
The other side
The other side
I just might cry
The other side
The other side
Is it any different on the other side

Levis jeans, colour TV's
Do I need that stuff for me
Traditional values, steady job
Somebody, please tell me what I want
No future, no life
I don't want this
I want to leave
But I'm in a fix

Good-bye friends
Good-bye family
Hello future
Hello freedom

I'm going to the other side, there now I've
said it and it's done
I'm going to the other side, I'm going to
run

The other side
The other side
It's so different on the other side

By: Derek Linzey

A Desert Walk

The sun pounds down vicious rays upon your face,
As you look up, the glare momentarily blinds you,
You feel sticky and fatigue in your legs, as sweat
drips from your chin,
You stop.
Silence.
A dizziness is in your head and you feel your temples
pulsating slowly ... slowly ...
The hot, dry sand burns your feet and you push onward
You see your destination in the distance yet as you
come closer it vanishes.
Nothing is real.

By: Pathum Malariarachchi

For Real

When we were young we had it all
Now I can't help feel like I'm gonna fall

When we were young things made sense
Now I'm walking in a fog that's just so dense

Parties, girls, dances, and dates
up to me, or is it fate

I wish I had answer to these and more
But I can't get in, just shut the door

Cause this is for real now
There's no turning back
For real now
Won't take no slack
It's for real now
There is no other
For real now
Run take cover

Friggin' parents always on my case
It's a drag, hope they give up the chase

I feel like quitting, been through too much
But I couldn't do it, ain't got the guts

I wish somebody would please help me out
I need some consolation without a doubt

This is for real now
I'm losing my mind
For real now
I'm slipping behind
It's for real now
There ain't no other
For real now
Run for cover

But as I write this song
I see there is no wrong,
That time can't heal
These words, they are for real

Just remember as life goes on
This is for real now
The easy times are gone

By: Derek Linzey

Freedom Divide

I will bide my time.
Like the sun, I will wait on the
coming of a new day.
Time will pass like fear,
Slowly, dragging on forever,
But still I will wait.

A man with a gun in his hand is not
a man to compromise;
He draws the line.
But freedom won through violence
and killing
Can only defeat itself;
In hate, freedom but divides.

The one promise that time makes is
change.
In time we will have our day.

By: Sean Kirby

Walter's Walk

Walter always took a walk,
He loved to see the different sites,
He loved when people'd stop and talk,
He loved to see the birds and lights.

One day when Walter took his stroll,
Something special caught his eye,
He spied a bird atop a pole,
Who said, "Why walk when you can fly?"

By: Adrian Cameron

War

War is guns and bombs
It is knives and traps
And violent and rough
War is tragic and sad
It is death and hunger
And cold and hot
But most of all
War is SCARY

By: Harold Roscoe

Midnight

A time for magic
A time for fear
A time when silence is all you hear,

A time of dark
A time of cold
A time of silence, pure as gold

A time of loneliness
A time of dreams
A time when there's but silence, it seems.

By: Anne Totten

Fantasy

I fell down, down into the fragrant
green grass, so gently, billowing in the
wind.

The sweet aroma of the unknown fra-
grances overwhelm and I fall into a deep
sleep. I dream of I, Dancing in the moon-
light, with unknown god like man. I feel
as if I know him but just can't place him.
Though what do I care this is a wonderful
beautiful fantasy.

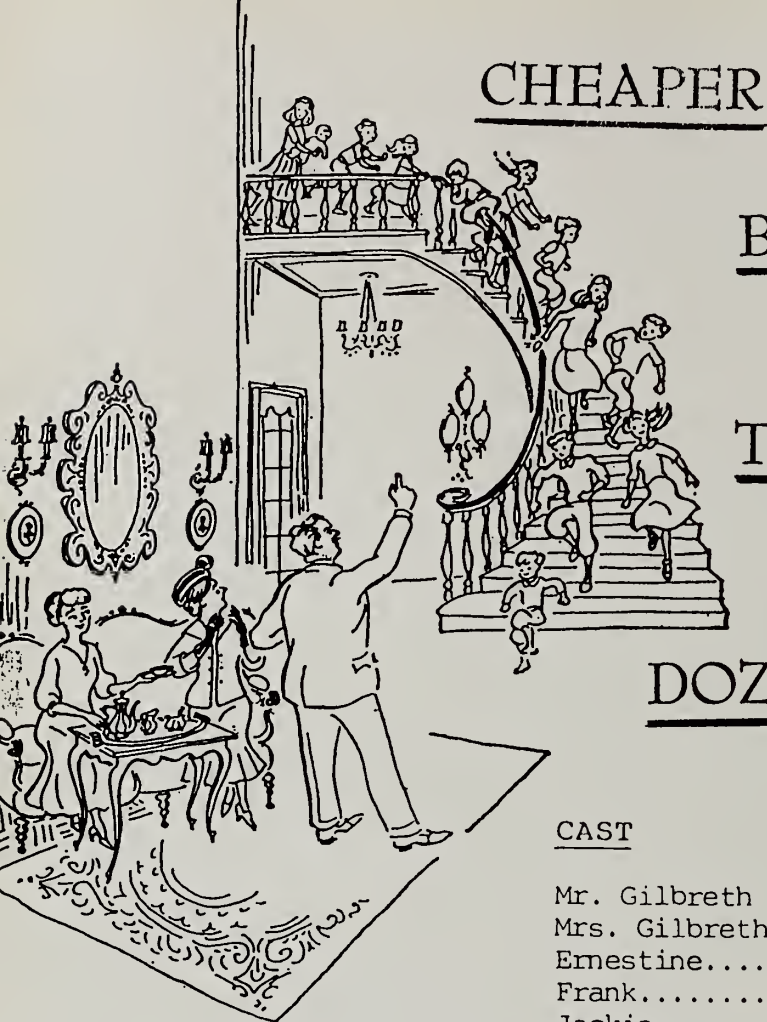
Oh! I wish it were true!

By: Sarah Risley

People, people, people
So many wonderful people
Everyone in their own cocoons.
Thinking.
Millions of different thoughts.
It could drive you crazy.
But it ain't nothing,
So just keep smiling

By: Jenny Shippee

Clubs



CHEAPER

BY

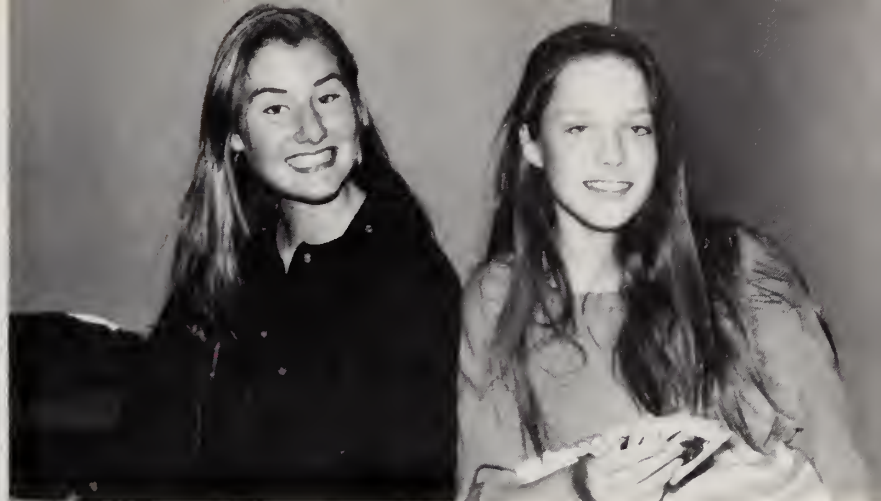
THE

DOZEN

Drama Club

CAST

Mr. Gilbreth	Dad.....	Michael Cowie
Mrs. Gilbreth.....	Mother.....	Julia Carroll
Ernestine.....		Markell Kiefer
Frank.....		Paul Baskett
Jackie.....		Guy Germaine
Dan.....		Giles Oland
Bill.....		Matthew Burns
Fred.....		Douglas Penick
Anne.....		Jane Gould
Lillian.....		Wylie Roberts Doole
Martha.....		Jennifer Silverman
John.....		Ben Alexander
Allyson.....		Kate Perry
Mrs. Fitzgerald....	Housekeeper.....	Mary-Kate Arnold
Dr. Burton.....	Family Doctor.....	Michael Barker
Joe Scales.....	a Cheerleader.....	Craig Silverman and Willie Grover
Miss Brill.....	a Teacher.....	Jennifer Shippee
Larry.....	Someone "Special".....	Asim Wali
Fudge.....		Fudge Buley
Lighting.....		Hannah Riding
House managers.....		Nat Pearre and Ata Erdogan
Set design.....		Karla Silver and Chris Stairs
Set construction.....		Rick Dempsey
Costume Mistress.....		Maggie Arnold
Sound Effects.....		Andrew Hinnell
Publicity & Tickets.....		Jessica Linzey, Tera Hurst, Tova Rosenberg and Susan Crocker
Prompter.....		Alana Tervo
Curtains.....		Janet Cooper
Directed by.....		Nancy Meinertzhagen



Debating



Back: Mrs. Sinclair, Tina Piper, Emma Penick, Mary Kate Arnold.
Front: Martha Casey, Lizzie Oore, Jessica Linzey.

This year the Debating Club is a lot of fun! We meet at lunch every Thursday. In the beginning of the year, we mainly held impromptu debates about current issues such as pornography, disposable diapers, drugs, abortion, and movie ratings. Later on in the year we will be sending our best debaters to the World Affairs Conference which is to be held at Upper Canada College in Toronto, Ontario. We will also be participating in local debates such as the Junior Debating Tournament at St. Mary's University, and the Nova Scotia Debating Society's Junior Debating Tournament. We are now hoping to prepare a Halifax Grammar School Youth Parliament in February in which anyone from our school will be welcome to attend. We would like to thank Ms. Sinclair for her guidance in debating.

Computer Club

Prep School

The Computer Club for Prep students has met this year on Thursdays at 1:00 PM in the IBM Computer Lab. Students have been exploring LogoWriter, assisted by Tammy Attia and Chris Maxwell.



Upper School

The Programmer's Corner is an Upper School Computer Club, which has met unofficially on Fridays after 1:00 PM. The members have, in fact, spent much of their spare time in the Lab. Their most recent focus has been on programming with the newest version of TurboPascal.



Junior and Senior Choirs

At this writing the Junior and Senior Choirs have met twice. We shall be singing a wide range of music - from madrigals to jazz - and look forward to participating in the Kiwanis and Independent Schools Music Festivals.

Mr. Ellis



Math Club



With several devoted members coming regularly, and a few fringe dwellers, the math club can be considered a success. We have been sharpening our skills by going over old contests, and discussing our answers at the meetings. It has been fun finding the answers to those annoying, difficult, and sometimes enraging questions.

Prep Drama



Prep One, Two and Three Drama Club has had a very busy year. We always start off our club with learning some special techniques that an actor or actress uses. We worked on walking like elderly people, moving with our hands and feet like machine and pretending to be parents in various improvisations. It was lots of fun behaving like other people, animals and things! After Christmas, we began some group activities and these included pirates and shipwrecks. We have also done some work on what it would be like to be citizens in a town building a jail. Our big production in the spring was a jazzed up version of the pied piper called The Swingin' Piper by Val Cheatham.

Assistant Secretaries

This year the assistant Secretaries have had the pleasure of working with a new receptionist, Mrs. Lohnes. This year we will welcome some Prep School students to our yearly banquet, many thanks for their help and support.



Student Council



This year's Student Council is certainly an interesting combination of people.

Daniel Thompson is this year's Vice-President. So far, (which isn't a long time), he has proved to be ... entertaining.

Asim Wali is our Treasurer. We never even knew he could count. (At least Mrs. Scobbie never thought he could.)

Paul Baskett is our Secretary. He's having much more fun going to Bolan's Cash & Carry than writing minutes. (I mean that in a sincere way.)

Our Class Representatives this year are:

U1 - Craig Silverman

U2 - Jessica Linzey

U3 - Doug Penick

U4 - Judy Halebsky

U5 - Derek Linzey

U6 - Chris Stairs

As well, Miss Meehan is our Staff Advisor (she is doing a fine job at her advising).

We have so much hope, for this year's Council, for with such an excellent mixture of people, what could go wrong?!

We are still continuing to support Ravindra, the school's Foster Child, and will be having dances, ski days, a great Winter Carnival, and much more (Jello Wrestling?)

Jane Gould
President

The Grammarian



We look forward to doing this year's Grammarian. We are very encouraged by the amount of student volunteers for our staff. We've taken into consideration the many helpful suggestions and hope you enjoy the newly enlarged sports section. We would like to take this opportunity to thank the staff and students of the Halifax Grammar School for their cooperation and assistance, and of course Dr. Chapman for invaluable guidance.

The Editors

Grammar Gazette

The Grammar Gazette was started four years ago and is the school newspaper for the Prep School. We call it "the first morning newspaper for grade school kids". We publish an issue every month and take stories from the people who are in our club. We also take stories from teachers who have something that someone wrote in class that is really good. Our club is a lot of fun and we are busy typing up the stories, putting pages together, and finding small pictures for the newspaper.

Ms. Porteous works with us and likes this club because she used to work for a newspaper. We try to get stories from each grade and we make a list of the big stories in the school that month. We even have contests, jokes, riddles, puzzles, reviews, art, and stories. It is not surprising that we usually sell out.

The Editors

Gymnastics



The Gymnastics Club is offered to the Prep School students once a week. Various activities are covered including tumbling, bars, and vault skills. In winter the club focuses on the Halifax City School Competition. The Grammar School sends a team of Prep 4, 5, and 6 girls, who have always done a great job representing their school. All of the members have a great time tumbling around!

Carleen Cavanagh
Gymnastics Coach

The Black Pants and White Shirt Club



Fencing Club



The Fencing Club continues to be successful, achieving high results both in and out of province. Also, for the first time in four years, we hosted our own tournament, the HGS open. Fencing continues to be very popular in the Prep School, though we would perhaps like to see a few older fencers next year.

This year has marked some "best ever" performances, including those of Paul Simms, Andrew Jackson, Jamie Stoltz, and Ben Pearre. More and more of our fencers are now competing in a wider range of tournaments, which will contribute to their experience as fencers, and help them to achieve better results in the future. An encouraging note; Robbie Sinclair, an HGS graduate, recently placed in the top eight at one of the most prestigious tournaments in Canada. Let us hope that some of us will follow in his footsteps.

The Three Muskateers

Sports

A feeling of peace spreads
Throughout the land.
For a brief moment the whole world
 stands still,
And each country holds hands.
All war is forgotten.

by: Tova

The Rose

Its pink petals were the shade of a
 healthy girl's cheeks
 Its thorns were as sharp as a
 shiny sewing needle
 The green stalk and leaves were
 the shade of summer grass
 The bud was the size of a little
 baby's fist
 And it stood alone in a puddle
 of crystal clear water
 Then it was picked by gentle
 hands
 And given to the one he loved.

by: Hannah

Mental Man

They all consider me insane,
Only because I can't remember my name,
Day after day, same wall, same floor,
Even the same old white door.

I lie hear motionless and speechless,
Just dreaming of living in the west,
But I'm in here watching the same spider on the
same wall,

I'd just want to attack it
But I can't because I'm in this stupid
White straight jacket.

Well I guess this is good-bye,
Even though I don't know why,
Just carry on walking down your lane,
But whatever you do don't forget your name.

by: Guy

Peace

Peace is loved by everyone
Peace is something the whole world can have
But because of all the guns and violence
The world is not able to be peaceful, yet,

War is rough and harsh
Instead of peaceful and quiet,
And something everyone can love
Peace, it is something to appreciate

by: Harold

Midnight

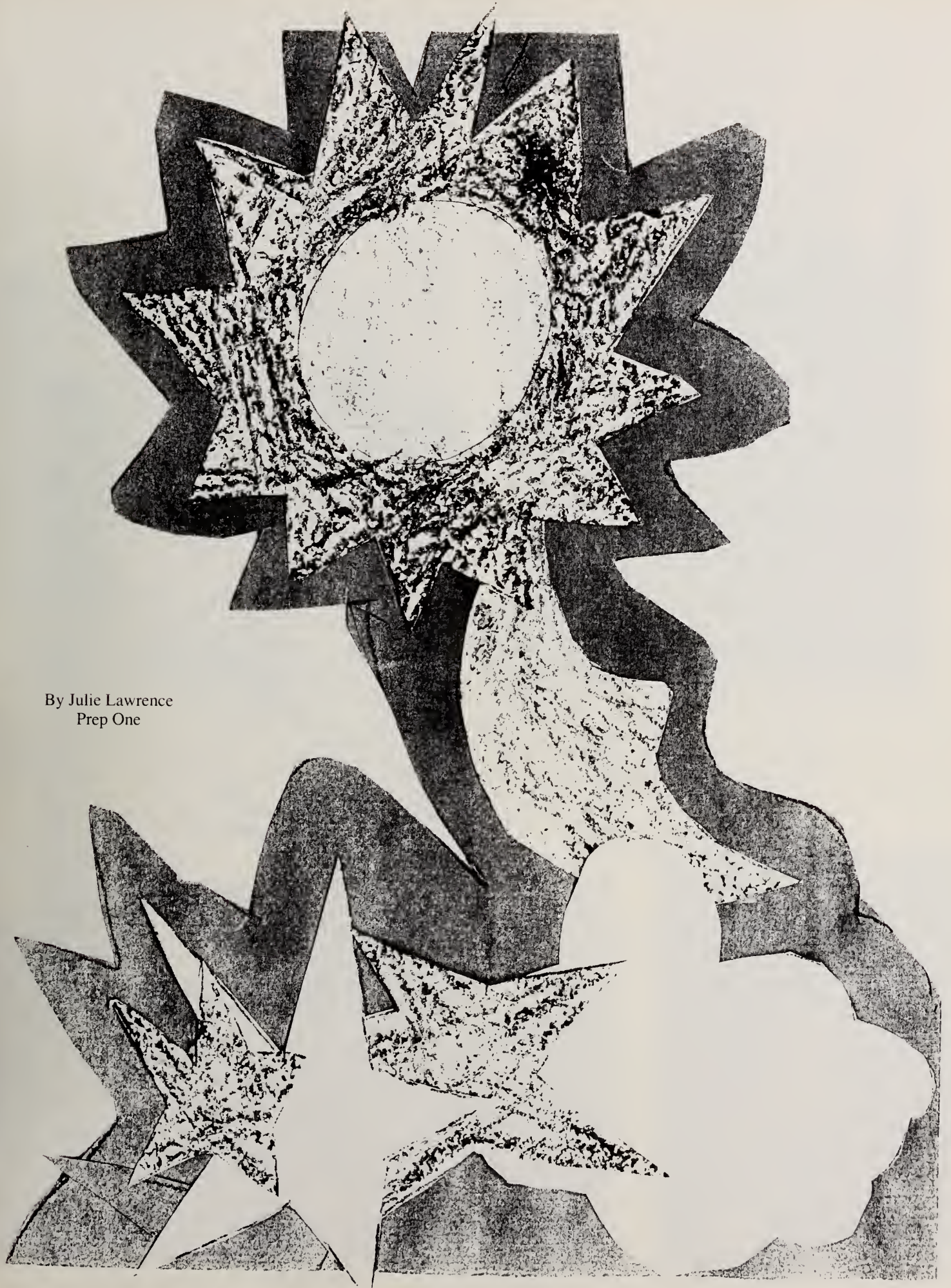
A time for magic
A time for fear
A time when silence is all you hear,

A time of dark
A time of cold
A time of silence, pure as gold

A time of loneliness
A time of dreams
A time when there's nothing but si-
lence, it seems.

by: Emma





By Julie Lawrence
Prep One

Person Familiar

Who is that person across the room?
I have seen him before,
Maybe on a bus or in a shop,
He looks familiar.
I must know him, I am sure
Yet I cannot remember

How strange it is we see so many people,
but cannot remember a single one.

Alone

There is a black sheet over my eyes.
Crouched in a corner
I cannot breathe.
Where are my friends and my family?
Now I am alone
My hope has died.

by: Tova

Rosanne

In the morning she's on her flight,
Serving, waiting over men and on men,
Not to come back until moonlight,
My darling Rosanne.

She's young and strong,
Serves drinks in bottles and cans,
Works very long,
My darling Rosanne.

She's beautiful and tall,
Never ending slave of airplanes
Works until fall,
My darling Rosanne.

by: Guy

War

War is guns and bombs
It is knives and traps
And violent and rough
War is tragic and rough
It is death and hunger
And cold and hot
But most of all
War is SCARY

by: Harold



Soccer

Junior Boys



Top: Gordon Pease, David McFarlane, Nat Pearre, Graham Aldrich, Ata Erdogan.
Middle: Craig Silverman, Mete Erdogan, David Rapson.
Bottom: Jiles Oland, Doug Penick, David Finlayson.





Senior Girls

Top: Jennifer Silverman, Ashton Horne, Sally Nanton, Sarah Baxter, Toni Fried.

Bottom: Megan Susnis, Judy Halebsky, Jane Gould, Markell Kiefer, Julia Carroll, Jenny Shippee.



Junior Girls

Top: Joy Laing, Bessy Nikolau, Emily Crow, Jessica Linzey, Stacey Godsoe.

Bottom: Allyson Franklin, Kirsten Flynn, Tera Hurst, Jenny Hinnell, Irene Zouros.



Senior Boys

Top: Craig Burley, George Nikolau, Paul Baskett, Asim Wali, Daniel Thompson.
Bottom: Trevor Greenwood, Adrian Cameron, Greg Cummings, Michael Barker, Michael Cowie.



Volleyball



Junior Girls



Back: Kate Grindley
Bessy Nikolaou
Shivana Sankar
Kirstwn Flinn
Front: Emily Crow
Allyson Franklin
Stacey Godsoe

Junior Boys

Back: Ata Erdogan
Harold Roscoe
Giles Oland
David McFarlane
Brent MacDonald
Front: Craig Silverman
Doug Penick
Andrew Barker



Senior Girls

Back: Ashton Horne
Sarah Baxter
Judy Halebsky
Renee Foy
Sally Nanton
Front: Toni Fried
Jennifer Silverman
Jane Gould
Julia Carroll



Senior Boys

Greg Cummings
Mike Barker
Arthur Davis
Paul Baskett
Adrian Cameron



Basketball

Senior Boys



Back:
Daniel Huggard
George Nikolaou
Mike Barker
Greg Cumming
Front:
Daniel Thompson
Asim Wali
Paul Baskett
Craig Burley





Junior Girls

Back:
Jenny Hinnell
Heather MacKenzie
Janet Cooper
Jennifer Franklin
Catherine MacDougall
Miss Meehan
Front:
Hannah Riding
Tera Hurst
Emma Penick
Eriskay Liston





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Lisa Fentress
Guy Germain
Mara Green
Alexis Green
Trevor Greenwood
Judy Halebsky
Johnny Hockin
Jacksons
Jessica M. Linzey
Derek Linzey
Mark Francis McCallum
Zavin Nazaretian
To Nichole
Beale
Harold Roscoe
Daniel Roscoe
Joanna Trager
Tara Waldman
Asim Wali
Julia Carroll
Jennifer Shippee
Markell Kiefer
Morgan Root
Sarah Root

On My Conscience

Wilderness

I love the smell,
Out in the world,
The beckoning smell
Of fresh air.

Out of the city,
Away from the malls,
Away from the hustle
And bustle.

The wilderness
Is calling me,
To a desolate beach
Of fresh clean water.

The feeling of water
Rising above my head,
At eight in the morning
Is the most wonderful thing.

Awaiting on shore
Is a cup of hot chocolate
A platter of pancakes
And a toasty warm fire.

It is so nice to leave
Get away from it all,
And go out,
Into the wilderness.

Jennifer Hinnell

Fun

Fun, Fun,
I want fun all the time.
Fun, fun,
Is it a crime?

No worries,
not even a care.
Got a problem?
Is it fair?

Jessica Linzey

I pulled the trigger,
What d' ya figger
It had to be me,
It was just meant to be.

I live in constant regret,
of this terrible deed I've done.
I'll soon be caught I'll bet,
they'll figure I'm the one.

I knew the man quite well, some may say,
I hated him so.
I like him better this way,
Maybe no one will ever know.

Jessica Linzey



Short

This poem is short
'Cause there's not space
To write much more.

Lizzie Oore

The Rain Drops

One by one the rain drops drop
On and on they go
Seeming never to stop.

They hit the ground
Only making a small sound
But sound upon sound.

Pitter patter
Pitter patter
Pitter patter

Rain on ground
Rain on trees
Rain on houses.

Drops start gathering
Making puddles on the ground
Higher and higher

Second by second
Second by second
Second by second

Rain on fields
Rain on cars
Rain on me.

Until ... the whole world
Piece by piece
Is covered.

James Dodds



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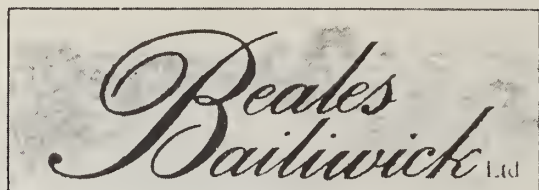
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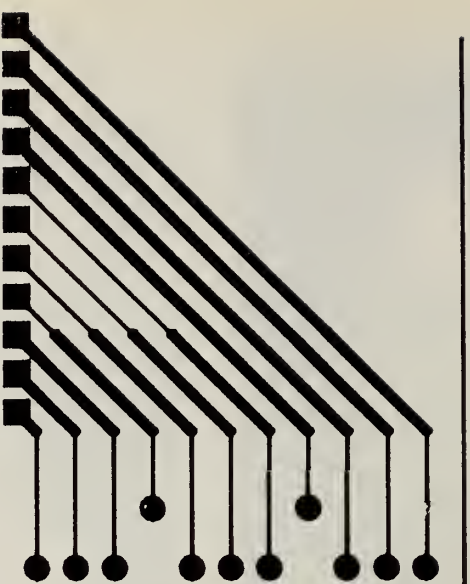
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